

# THE CRITIC.

Vol. XXIV.—No. 624.

JUNE 21, 1862.

Price 3d.; stamped 4d.

## THE ARUNDEL SOCIETY.—The

Society invites the attention of all Persons interested in Early Italian Art to the EXHIBITION of their COLLECTION of DRAWINGS and PUBLICATIONS, which may be seen daily, at 24, Old Bond-street, W. For Prospectuses, and List of Works on Sale, apply to Mr. F. W. MAYNARD, Assistant-Secretary.

**QUEEN'S COLLEGE, CORK.**—The President and Council of Queen's College, Cork, think it necessary to state, for the information of the public, that the business of the College has not been materially interrupted by the late fire. The Medical Session had already closed. The Lectures of the Faculty of Arts have reached within a few days of their completion, and the Sessional Examinations will be held at the times originally prescribed. The damage done to the building and property can, without difficulty, be repaired before the re-opening of the College, after the Summer vacation.

R. KENNY, Registrar.

## MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN to HIS late ROYAL HIGHNESS the PRINCE CONSORT.

It is proposed by the Drinking Fountains Association—SAMUEL GUNSEY, Esq., M.P., Chairman and Treasurer—to ERECT (either in Waterloo-place or Charing-cross, as may be agreed on) an ORNAMENTAL FOUNTAIN to the MEMORY of His late Royal Highness the PRINCE CONSORT. Artists and Amateurs are invited to submit DESIGNS and MODELS, from which one will be selected by a committee of distinguished persons, whose names will be subsequently published. A Public Exhibition of all the Designs contributed will take place at the French Gallery, 120, Pall-Mall, to open 15th July next. Admittance, 1s. The Designs, unless objected to by the owners, will be afterwards sold for the benefit of the object.

Further particulars can be obtained from the Secretary of the Free Drinking Fountains Association, 11, Waterloo-place, S.W.; or of the Secretary of the French Gallery, 120, Pall-Mall.

N.B.—All Designs must be sent in or before the 5th of July, 1862.

Contributions towards this special object are earnestly requested by the Executive Committee.

Metropolitan Free Drinking Fountains Association, Office—11, Waterloo-place, S.W.

## ROYAL LITERARY FUND.—

The SEVENTY-THIRD ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the Corporation will take place in Freemasons' Hall, on Wednesday, June 23.

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FRIDAY, 27th,	" .....	Half-a-Crown.
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MONDAY, 30th,	" .....	One Shilling.
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**THE NEW SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.**—THE TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of this Society is now OPEN, at their Gallery, 33, Pall-mall, near St. James's Palace. Admission, 1s. Catalogues, 6d. Season Tickets, 5s. JAMES FAHEY, Sec.

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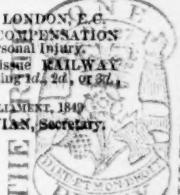
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## THE CRITIC.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

**T**HE ENTERTAINMENT projected by the members of the Savage Club, and cordially supported by a large body of gentlemen well known in literature and the arts, was given with complete success on Saturday evening last, the 14th inst., at the St. James's Hall. About a hundred gentlemen sat down to the banquet, and among that number thirty-two were representatives of the foreign press. Among the most distinguished foreign journalists present may be named M. VILLEMESSANT, *Rédacteur de Figaro*; M. BARRALL, of *L'Opinion Nationale*; M. HEUZE, of *La Patrie*; Mr. BOWES, of *Gaignani*; besides members of the staff of the *Constitutionnel*, *Revue Scientifique*, *Le Monde Illustré*, *Le Journal de St. Petersbourg*, *La Patrie*, the *Göttingen Journal*, the *Danish Athenaeum*, the *Leipsic Gazette*, *New York World*, *La Presse Théâtrale*, *Sicile Indépendance Belge*, and others. The health of her Majesty the QUEEN was received with great cordiality by the foreigners; and in answer to the toast "Our Guests," speeches were made in seven different languages, one gentleman, Mr. HEADLAND, addressing the company in four languages.

It is impossible that such an occurrence as this can take place without begetting a better understanding between British and foreign journalists than has hitherto existed. As we have before attempted to point out, the errors into which some of our visitors have fallen, in estimating our habits and customs, have been merely those mistakes to which all are prone who have not long and with the best opportunities studied our language and national characteristics. None should be more tolerant of this kind of error than Englishmen, for none have better reason to know, by their own shortcomings when abroad, how difficult it is to master foreign tongues and foreign manners. At this entertainment were present representatives of most of our leading journals, though, of course, petty jealousies served to keep some away who might with good grace have been present. The attendance, however, offered a fair and creditable sample of the English press, and the promoters of the entertainment may congratulate themselves upon having set the example for bringing about that which must bring foreign and English journalists to a better appreciation of each other.

We are glad to hear on the authority of the *Daily Telegraph* that this is not to be the only entertainment in honour of our foreign guests. Stimulated by the example set at St. James's Hall, another banquet is spoken of, at which Lord Mayor CUBITT is to preside—"a thoroughly national banquet," says the writer, "where the most eminent men of the British empire shall meet the most eminent men of foreign countries." This is as it should be; and, moreover, it seems to be rendered all the more necessary by certain proceedings of which we hear for the first time from the writer in the *Daily Telegraph*. The LORD MAYOR'S feast, it would appear, is to offer a marked contrast to "some hole-and-corner gathering where second-rate strangers are invited to hob and nob with second-rate Englishmen, and the riotous jollity of a pot-house is palmed upon foreigners as a representation of amenities of English society." Of course we are deeply concerned to hear that anything so disgraceful as pot-house hob-nobbing should have been offered to our foreign visitors; but the writer of the *Daily Telegraph* no doubt knows all about it. Perhaps, however, it would have been more decorous had he kept this dreadful secret to himself.

A great scandal has been suffered to appear about something which has happened at the Great Exhibition. It is discovered that some of the gentlemen representing the press are amenable to treating, and that some of them are even base enough to seek out opportunities for bartering promises of praise for luxurious fare and good wines. The *Times* published a very indignant article denouncing the whole system in vigorous and emphatic Saxon, calling the bribees fools for their pains, and all the bribees rogues; boasting that their journal is served by gentlemen who are too honourable to become subject to such influences, and inviting all upon whom any attempt is made to levy black mail by the promise of a puff in the *Times*, to give the impostor into custody, and prosecute him at the expense of the journal. The boast of the unimpeachable honour of the gentlemen of their staff would perhaps have come with a better grace if it had not been coupled with a suggestion that their representatives also found it to their *self-interest* to be honest.

Of course there is nothing in this virtuous denunciation of a vile and debasing custom to which every honest journalist will not cordially assent. The only objections we have to make are, that it is made so late, and that it does not go far enough. As a practice, this habit of feting the gentlemen of the press has obtained from time immemorial. When a manager opens a theatre, or a ship is launched, or a railway is opened, or an entertainment, or a shop, or anything that can be benefited by printed praise, a spread to the press has been the invariable concomitant. We have been invited to celebrate with turtle and champagne the opening of a tramway, the inauguration of an entertainment, the discovery of a new system of ventilation, and the hundredth night of a popular piece. This sort of thing has been going on for years past—possibly ever since the *Times* was a power in the land; yet this is the first time within our knowledge that the press has done anything to repudiate the imputation of being bribable through their bellies.

A larger question, moreover, appears to be involved in this, which might as well be discussed honestly and openly—the general purity of the press. Men, we are told, shall not live by bread alone, and there are bribes of greater weight than the *galantes* and champagne consumed by a few hungry reporters. Where is the line of bribery to be drawn? May a man take fifty pounds who would be disgraced for taking a guinea? When we see the names of certain eminent journalists included in the visiting list at Cambridge House, can we close our eyes to the fact that there is as palpable, though not quite so gross a bribe as hard cash? When we know that a member of the Government is allowed to write leading articles in support of himself, can we call that by any other name than corruption? When we see journalist after journalist write himself into comfortable post in the public service, shall we be too hard upon the wretched gormandisers of sandwiches and sherry at South Kensington? And when we look at South Kensington itself, and behold the vast pot of jobbery and corruption seething, in which all kind of unclean animals swim in the fat of the land, shall we lay on the whip so very hard upon the minor offenders, and let the greater criminals escape scot free.

Sir DAVID BREWSTER desires the following correction of a statement that the interests of British exhibitors are being neglected by the British members of the jury appointed to examine the philosophical instruments:

SIR.—It is stated in your paper of June 14th "that I have never once attended the meetings of the jury on philosophical instruments." This is a mistake. I have attended those meetings more than once, and assisted in the adjudication of medals to many English and foreign exhibitors. I am confident that the interests of the English exhibitors have been carefully watched by Mr. Glaisher, Prof. Wheatstone, Prof. W. Thomson, Mr. Garnot, Mr. Brooke, Col. Lestrang, and Mr. Golter: and I am sure that the foreign jurors have not taken advantage of the necessary absence of their English colleagues by making unfair adjudications to their own countrymen.—I am, Sir, yours most truly,

D. BREWSTER.

Another correction is also made in the following:

SIR.—Permit me to correct a word which appears in your number of to-day. In a paragraph, in page 591, you mention the author of "Alice Gray" as "Mr. William Ince," who formerly resided in the village of Kegworth." It should be "Mr. William Mee." Having a connection with the village—my father residing just outside of it—I have frequently seen Mr. Mee, of whose death, however, I was unaware till I saw your announcement. His brother, a carrier, is still living at Kegworth. He wrote many other poetical pieces. I saw a collection of three or four copied by his own hand in a lady's album only a year ago—the writing still firm and good. The admired song was included in the list. The sentiments expressed in the latter were, I believe, not fictitious, being truthful echoes of his own personal experience.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.

W. E. JOURDAIN.

3, Barrow Hill-place, Regent's-park, June 14th, 1862.

## SIR H. RAWLINSON AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

SIR HENRY RAWLINSON, on the 13th of this month, gave an interesting account of the manner in which the students of Assyrian writings had proceeded in their laborious attempt to interpret the mass of inscriptions which have been brought within the last sixteen years from the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates, chiefly with a view of showing that Sir Cornwall Lewis has had no just grounds for wholly ignoring all that they have accomplished, any more than he has had for the bitter sneers to which he has treated the Egyptologists. With this object Sir H. Rawlinson gave a comprehensive survey of the course which has been pursued by himself and the other European scholars who have paid attention to these studies from the time when Grotefend made the first real commencement, in 1802, till they were taken up again and brought to a successful end, first in Persia, by Sir Henry Rawlinson himself, and then in Germany and France by MM. Lassen and Burnouf. In all of these researches, Sir Henry contended that the Orientalists had made no single assumption other than what they were thoroughly entitled to make, and which would have been made by any classical scholar who was called upon to interpret an unknown classical inscription—that they had not reasoned, as was asserted of them, from hypothesis to hypothesis—and that they had the soundest logical grounds for the conclusions at which they had arrived. Sir H. Rawlinson commenced by stating that the foundation of all their researches were some trilingual and triliteral tablets still existing in Persia, and which apparently contained decrees or statements of lineage in three languages and in three distinct sets of characters. These languages have been usually called the Persian, Median, and Babylonian or Assyrian, and of these the Persian branch is evidently the clearest, the simplest, and the best executed. Moreover, from the position in which the tablets are placed, it may be reasonably conjectured that the Persian is intended to fill the most conspicuous place, and, further, to have been executed by an artist who was well acquainted with the language he wrote. Sir Henry Rawlinson stated that it was in 1835 that he first undertook the investigation of the Cuneiform character, and that at that time he was only aware that Grotefend had deciphered some of the names of the early rulers of the Achaemenian dynasty; but which, however, of these he had made out he was wholly ignorant. He had neither a copy of Grotefend's alphabet, nor could he learn what particular inscriptions he had copied. The first materials Sir H. Rawlinson submitted to analysis were two sculptured tablets from Mount Alwand, near Hamadan, copies of which were exhibited at the lecture. These tablets he had himself accurately copied on the spot, so that he could depend upon every wedge and stroke. Though not exactly the same, these tablets contained inscriptions almost identical with those on which Grotefend had worked, and which were copied at Persepolis by Niebuhr.

These two tablets, in common with most of those which have been found in Persia, were, as we have stated, trilingual and triliteral. They

were engraved, respectively, by Darius, the son of Hystaspes, and his son Xerxes; and they both commence with the same invocation to Ormazd, and exhibit the same enumeration of royal titles and the same statement of paternity and family; they are, in fact, identical, except in the names of the kings and of their respective fathers. It followed, therefore, that when Sir Henry Rawlinson compared and underlined the Persian columns of the two inscriptions, he found that the characters coincided throughout, except in certain particular groups, which it was reasonable to suppose had been thus individualised for the purpose of representing proper names. Sir Henry Rawlinson further noticed that there were but three of these distinct groups in the two inscriptions; for the group which occupied the second place in one inscription, and which, from its position, suggested the idea of its representing the name of the father of the King, who was there commemorated, corresponded with the group which occupied the first place in the other inscription; and thus not only served determinatively to connect the two inscriptions together, but, in case the groups should turn out to be proper names, appeared also to indicate a genealogical succession. It seemed in the highest degree probable that in these three groups of characters were the proper names of three consecutive generations of the Persian monarch, and his hypothesis proved to be true, when the first three names, Hystaspes, Darius, and Xerxes, were applied at hazard to the three groups, according to the succession.

On the first conjecture or hypothesis appearing to be correct, Sir Henry Rawlinson proceeded to collate, as far as possible, the Persian paragraphs of the Behistun inscription with the tablets from Hamadan, and, by this means, while he obtained other confirmations of the truth of the principle upon which he had worked, he acquired also the native forms of the names, Arsames, Ariaramnes, Teispes, Achæmenes, and Persia, affording him, in all, the basis of an alphabet of eighteen letters, which have since retained the same determinate value which was at first assigned to them. After working for several years on the copies of all the Persian Cuneiform inscriptions to be found in Persia, Sir Henry was able to send to Europe in 1839 the first sketch of his labours, which, in all essential matters, subsequent researches have only tended to confirm.

The next labour was to attempt the decyphering of the other columns of Cuneiform writing which occur, side by side, with the Persian, namely, the Median and the Assyrian or Babylonian. Now, to accomplish this end, Sir Henry Rawlinson pursued the same method, essentially, as he had pursued in his investigation of the Persian branch: he picked out the proper names, and from them made up his first alphabet. Thus the Persian inscriptions, which had been decyphered, gave more than eighty proper names of which the equivalents were to be found in the parallel columns of the Assyrian and Median, and the presumption was strong that most of these names would not be written very differently in the three languages, bearing in mind the relative euphonic changes. By these means

about a hundred Babylonian or Assyrian characters were procured, and formed Sir Henry Rawlinson's first alphabet. Since that time the study of these recondite inscriptions has been actively followed up, and new labourers have appeared capable of pursuing the course first opened out by Grotend.

Nor, indeed, has there been wanting sound evidence of the truth of the results at which these scholars have arrived, and such, too, as Sir Cornwall Lewis cannot really pretend to ignore. Of these, perhaps the most complete was afforded by means of the Asiatic Society of London. It was agreed that a considerable portion of the inscriptions on the cylinder of Tiglath Pileser I. should be sent to Sir H. Rawlinson, Dr. Oppert, Dr. Hincks, and Mr. Fox Talbot severally, with the request that each of these gentlemen would make his own independent translation, and return the same in a sealed envelope to the Asiatic Society by a certain day. A committee was then formed, consisting of the late Professor Wilson, Dr. Cureton, Dean Milman, and some others, who should open the envelopes and compare together the translations so sent in. This was done, and it was ascertained that the similarity between the four translations was most remarkable, and that, in the case of those made by Sir H. Rawlinson and Dr. Hincks, many of the sentences were absolutely identical. Surely such a coincidence must be admitted by all fair minds as conclusive evidence of the truth of the method of interpretation, unless, indeed, any one can imagine that these four scholars—rivals we may justly call them—met together and determined to bamboozle the public! Nor is this all: a series of documents exist at Paris, at Venice, and in the British Museum, being vases in alabaster, bearing on them inscriptions in the three sets of Cuneiform characters and in hieroglyphics. The hieroglyphic names have been long since made out by Sir Gardner Wilkinson and Mr. Pool to mean, severally, Xerxes or Artaxerxes; and the Persian Cuneiform legend may be read to the same effect by any one who will take the trouble to apply to it the alphabets of Rawlinson or Lassen. Of course, a sceptic of the school of Sir George Lewis will reply that this is only to confirm "ignotum per ignotius," and to urge that he disbelieves the interpretation of both alike. But sounder critics will, we imagine, think the coincidence of the interpretation of these two differing inscriptions affords rather a strong presumption in favour of the two systems of interpretation which have been applied respectively to the Cuneiform and hieroglyphic legends. Certain it is that in the case of one of these vases—that in the Treasury of St. Mark's, at Venice—the meaning of the hieroglyphics had been made out before the Cuneiform alphabets were published. A copy of the vase, with the name of Xerxes, recently found by Mr. Newton at Halicarnassus, under the ruins of the Mausoleum, was exhibited to the meeting, together with long lists of proper names in the Persian and equivalent Babylonian characters, showing the process whereby Sir H. Rawlinson had commenced the interpretation of the Assyrian inscriptions.

## ENGLISH AND FOREIGN LITERATURE.

### THE LATE PROFESSOR HENSLOW.

*Memoir of the Rev. John Stevens Henslow, M.A., F.L.S., F.G.S., late Rector of Hitcham, and Professor of Botany in the University of Cambridge.* By the Rev. LEONARD JENYNS, M.A. London: Van Voorst. 12mo. pp. 278.

**D**EATH HAS BEEN LONG BUSY among the ranks of the men of science—very busy—for several years past. The scientific luminaries seem to appear in constellations, and like constellations they culminate and pass away together. Many and heavy have been the losses in some of the learned societies, so as to awaken frequent and anxious inquiries respecting their prospects in the future. Perhaps it will be well if we learn to take a little more notice of the young and rising men, even at the partial expense of those veteran celebrities upon whom we now shower superfluous attentions.

At present we have to speak of one whose associates belonged chiefly to the last generation, and whose pupils are the men of the present day. The tale of his life should meet with a wide and cordial reception, for he was a genuine specimen of the English worthy, one who laboured long and diligently, doing good without ostentation, and winning respect rather than applause.

The biographer, whose relationship was more than that of a fellow-student and brother-clergyman, for Professor Henslow had married his sister, is himself a naturalist of note, who has written many papers (commencing in 1824), on all the branches of Zoology, and whose history of "British Vertebrate Animals" is the best manual we possess. He acknowledges the assistance of the Professor's son-in-law, Dr. Hooker of Kew, and other members of the family, as well as scientific friends; and gives a list of above one hundred articles, chiefly on scientific subjects, contributed to various journals. We regret that he has not thought it desirable to print any original letters, for some there must be in existence worth preserving; though all we have received are so brief as to accredit the statement that Mr. Henslow could write a dozen letters as well as compose a sermon, and prepare an examination paper on botany in the course of one long country morning. We first became acquainted with Mr. Henslow in 1841, at the Plymouth meeting of the British Association, being introduced by his senior and surviving friend, Professor Sedgwick. From that time we met him occasionally, perhaps every year, and saw little change in him, unless that he became handsomer as he advanced in life, but the same kindly and unassuming manners marked him from first to last. He was a strong man, rather

below the middle height, and in his younger days could walk forty miles with a geological knapsack, and dance at a ball on his return at evening. The photograph, which forms the frontispiece of this memoir, though taken from a posthumous bust, gives a good idea of him.

Professor Henslow was born at Rochester, on the 6th February, 1796, and died on the 16th May, 1861, in his 66th year. He was grandson of Sir John Henslow, Chief Surveyor of the Navy. His father was a solicitor, who, for a time, carried on business as a wine-merchant and brewer, in partnership with his father-in-law, Mr. Stevens, of Gads-hill, but afterwards returned to the practice of his own profession, and died so lately as 1854, at the age of 83. The future professor learned to watch the habits of birds in his father's aviary, and he is said to have shown a propensity for collecting curiosities of natural history when quite a child. In 1805 he was placed in a school at Camberwell, where he appears to have remained some time, and to have entered St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1814. George Samuel (or "Samouelle") who afterwards published (in 1819) the "Entomologist's Useful Compendium," was drawing-master at the Camberwell school, and taught young Henslow to collect and set insects, and introduced him to J. F. Stephens, the entomologist, and to Dr. Leach, of the British Museum, where Samouelle himself afterwards became an assistant, and remained, as some of us remember, till less than twenty-five years ago. Mr. Henslow for many years cherished his first boyish aspiration—to follow the footsteps of Levallant in Africa! In his holiday excursions he collected all manner of living things, and some of them being new to British Natural History, were dedicated to him by Dr. Leach. Among these was a small freshwater bivalve (*Cyclas*) obtained in the Cam; the swimming-crab (*Polybius Henslowii*), found on the north coast of Devon; and a curious radiate animal (the *Synapta inhærens*), omitted by E. Forbes in his "History of British Starfishes," but now well known and much sought after by votaries of the microscope; the original example may still be seen, labelled by Dr. Leach, "*Jemania Henslowii*," found under stones at Aberystwith in 1819.

He became acquainted with Mr. Sedgwick in 1818, and the following Easter accompanied him to the Isle of Wight, where he took a good lesson in field-geology, and projected the Cambridge Philosophical Society, which was soon after established, and now musters above 500 members. In the long vacation of the same year he visited the Isle of Man, and prepared a paper, which was printed in the "Geological Transactions" of 1821. It was here that he obtained,

among other fossils, the remarkable species of *Goniatis* which Sowerby named after him, and Buckland figured in his "Bridgewater Treatise." In the summer of 1821 he made a general survey of the geology of Anglesea, and published it in the "Transactions" of the new Philosophical Society. In 1822 he succeeded Dr. E. D. Clarke as Professor of Mineralogy in the University of Cambridge, and published a syllabus of his lectures in 1823. Later in the same year (1822) he was elected Regius Professor of Botany, on the death of the Rev. T. Martyn, who had held it for sixty-three years, and for the last half of the time had given no lectures; the salary being 200*l.* a year. Professor Henslow resigned the chair of Mineralogy in 1828, but retained the Botanical till the end of his life. He also held the office of "Walker's Lecturer," which gave him the use of the Botanic Gardens; but as this was small and shut up in the heart of the town, he induced the University in 1831 to purchase thirty acres of ground in a better situation. The new garden was laid out in 1846, with the assistance of Mr. Murray, the late curator, but the houses were built at a later period, after the plans of his successor, Mr. Stratton. The belt of trees surrounding the garden contains nearly every sort that will stand our climate, arranged, as far as possible, in accordance with their natural relations, and is one of the most perfect *Arboreta* in the kingdom. The Professor was at the same time earnestly engaged in the formation of a museum of dried plants and specimens to illustrate his lectures. In the first seven years he had an attendance of sixty to eighty students, and made his lectures interesting by the use of diagrams and by examinations or "dissections" of specimens. He also organised excursions, in which his class was joined by the entomologists. Professor Henslow paid great attention to structural and physiological botany, as may be seen by his syllabus (1828), "Examination of a Hybrid *Digitalis*" (Cam. Phil. Tr. 1831), and the "Principles of Botany," published in 1836. Between these years he contributed many original observations in botany and zoology to *Loudon's Magazine*, and, at a later period, to the *Gardener's Chronicle*. His views on species were more latitudinarian than those of his successor. He believed that he had raised primroses and oxlips from the seed of the cowslip, and was prepared to admit that other forms as widely different as these, might have a common origin; but we may be excused for doubting the sufficiency of experiments made thirty years ago.

Professor Henslow married the sister of his biographer in 1823, and the next year took orders, and obtained the curacy of Little St. Mary, in Cambridge. There he resided for above fifteen years, lecturing and preparing private pupils for examination, and holding evening meetings at his house, which became the centre of natural-history-society in the town. This was, probably, the happiest portion of his life, for it must have been more congenial to preside over the well-springs of English intellect than to contend with the ignorance and depravity of an untoward rustic population. In 1832 Lord Chancellor Brougham gave Mr. Henslow the vicarage of Cholsey, in Berkshire, worth 340*l.* a year; but he did not leave Cambridge, spending only the long vacation among his parishioners. His political friends had hitherto belonged chiefly to the Conservative party, and he had always supported Lord Palmerston, who was for many years one of the members for the University. But in 1834 he published an address to the Reformers of Cambridge, and after the election contest of 1835 he appeared as the nominal prosecutor of the Conservative agents for bribery. This brought upon him no small amount of personal obloquy, balanced, however, by three handsome testimonials from the town and Liberal committees, and by the more prominent notice of the Government. Two years after this affair he was presented by Lord Melbourne to the living of Hitcham, in Suffolk, worth 1200*l.* a year, and it appears to have been under consideration whether he should not be appointed to the vacant bishopric of Norwich. Professor Henslow was contented to lose the "toss up"; it would not have much increased his income, and he did not consider himself well fitted to be a Bishop. Early associations and long habit had made him a naturalist, and though gifted with unflinching courage and tenacity of purpose, he was unversed in polemics and unaccustomed to debate; he would probably have failed as completely as Dr. Stanley to supply the want, then felt by the Whig Ministry, of a counterpoise for the zealous Bishop of Exeter.

Professor Henslow did not give up his residence in Cambridge till 1839, when he found that the duties of so large a parish could not be properly attended to except by living constantly amongst his people. From that time he was scarcely ever away, except when lecturing at Cambridge; and, for more than twelve years, he was not absent from Hitcham a single Sunday. In 1836 he had been placed on the Senate of the University of London; and, from 1838 to 1860, he was Examiner in Botany to the same—an engagement which brought him to London every year for a short time. He had been a promoter of the British Association since its foundation in 1832, attended most of its annual gatherings, and contributed to the pages of its "Transactions." In Suffolk he was a justice of the peace, like most of the superior clergy, and for years attended regularly the sittings four miles from home. The bare mention of these things will show that the quiet country clergyman had undertaken an amount of work such as few clerks or artisans would submit to, and render probable the belief that his last illness was brought on by incessant mental and manual labour.

The rustic population of Hitcham amounted to about 1000 individuals, and the poor-rate to above 1000*l.* The people are described

as having been "sunk in the lowest depths of moral and physical debasement," "addicted to poaching, sheep-stealing, drunkenness," and "even witchcraft." There were no influential persons in the parish to aid the rector, and the farmers—intellectually little raised above the labourers they employed—were doggedly opposed to him in all his schemes. Professor Henslow commenced at once the attempt to win them over by kindness and conciliation. He got up a cricket club; had an annual exhibition of fireworks on his lawn; introduced ploughing matches; and attended the meetings and gave lectures at the Hadleigh club. He at once established the village school on a better footing, although he had to bear the greater part of the expense himself in the erection of a school-house and payment of the teacher. The success of his lectures to the farmers led him to address to them a series of letters in the *Bury Post*, which were separately reprinted in 1843. But when he attempted, after some years, to establish the allotment system, he aroused their fiercest opposition; they assembled in strong numbers at a vestry, and pledged one another to refuse employment to any day-labourer who should hold an allotment. To this the rector replied by circulating a short printed statement, in which he declared himself the champion of the poor, and that nothing should deter him from carrying out his plans. He had always urged the farmers to "cultivate" their labourers; to secure them constant employment; and increase their general intelligence, to enable themselves to take advantage of improved methods of culture. He held, that if the land were well tilled there would be no surplus labourers; and his efforts were ultimately so far successful in producing a better feeling between the farmers and men, that, at the time of his death, there was no redundancy of labour in the parish, and the numbers of allotments amounted to nearly one hundred and fifty.

As a means of bringing out the results of his teaching, Professor Henslow established two annual horticultural shows, held on the lawn before the rectory, at which prizes were given for fruit, flowers, vegetables, and honey. At these exhibitions the Hitcham allottees often distanced all competitors in the excellence of their produce. Prizes were also given to the village botanists, and for the rest there were games of foot-ball and swings, and tents with exhibitions of prints and curiosities, and apparatus, upon which "lectures" were given. The most remarkable feature of the Hitcham school was the teaching botany as a means of intellectual training, for "strengthening the observing faculties." The Professor himself attended every Monday afternoon for an hour or two; the pupils were all volunteers, and limited to 42. Fresh specimens of plants were provided for examination, and printed lists and instructions distributed. A series of nine large coloured diagrams was prepared and adopted by the Government Department of Science and Art; copies of them, with the apparatus and papers, may be seen at the South Kensington Museum. By desire of the late Prince-Consort, Professor Henslow gave just the same course of lectures to the younger members of the Royal Family. The Assistant Inspector of Schools reported that the children of the Hitcham National School, "who were much more conversable than the generality of children in rural parishes," owed much "to the botanical lessons and the self-exercise connected with them." The interest of the children was further kept up by the prizes, and by picnics, and by the arrangement of small parties to visit more distant places, including even the sights of London.

Excursions were also organised for the working people. The Professor abolished the tithe dinner, which former rectors had given at the village public-house, and devoted the money to a "recreation fund," which, aided by a small contribution from the people themselves, enabled him to take large parties to Ipswich, Norwich, and Cambridge, and to the seaside at Harwich and Felixstow. Many of the farmers asked to join them, and sometimes nearly 200 men and women, inhabitants of Hitcham, united to make these excursions. After the Cambridge trip, in 1854, the farmers, "unable to withhold any longer some expression of admiration," presented the Professor with a silver cup. Nor were the scientific labours of Mr. Henslow suspended by these more serious undertakings. In March 1848 he gave the opening lecture at the Ipswich Museum, and in 1850 accepted the office of president. His exertions in this connection led him to prepare for the British Association a report on typical objects, which he recommended for exhibition in place of the miscellaneous curiosities formerly thrown together in museums. For the Royal Agricultural Society he prepared a report on the diseases of wheat, including the various forms of blight and rust, the ergot, and the wheat-midge. In all these there is much original observation, ingenuity, and patient research. In 1843 he called the attention of the Geological Society to the great beds of shingle at Felixstow, where the pebbles contained so large a proportion of phosphate of lime, that he was "convinced they must all be considered as of coprolitic origin;" and amongst which he found the fossil *tympanic* bones of several kinds of whale. This capital observation was soon turned to account by the "practical" men, and so large was the demand for "Crag coprolites" to be converted into manure, that for many years a gentleman of our acquaintance made 1000*l.* a year as agent for supplying them. At the present time they have gone out of use, not being able to compete with the richer and more manageable "coprolites" of the Cambridge green sand, to which also Mr. Henslow first called attention. But for these valuable services to the farmer and the country he never received any sort of acknowledgment.

The appearance of the potato disease led to another series of inquiries and experiments, and set him to teach his people a variety

of ingenious methods of saving the starch, or otherwise utilising the damaged crop. He took an active part in the experiments required for a report to the British Association on the "Preservation of Animal and Vegetable Substances;" and also in those respecting the "Vitality of Seeds," which were continued for sixteen years. He had formerly printed a list of British plants, and a list of Hitcham plants for the use of his village class, and one of the last things completed before his death was a Suffolk Flora, published in conjunction with Mr. Edmund Skepper. The question of the permanency of species was a subject which had long occupied his attention; he had set apart a portion of his garden for experiments, and had communicated to the British Association (in 1856) a statement favouring the supposition that the grass known as *Egilops ovata* is the origin of our cultivated wheat. Of Mr. Darwin's theory he says (in *Macmillan's Magazine*), "Though I have the greatest respect for my friend's opinions, I cannot assent to his speculations without seeing stronger proofs than he has yet produced." Whilst of him Mr. Darwin speaks with the greatest enthusiasm, both in his memoir and in the preface to his "Journal." Another subject, which called forth several of his last letters in the public journals, was the discovery of flint implements in the drift. It seemed to distress him, for at first he denied their occurrence in the undisturbed strata, and then doubted the antiquity of those beds; then he regretted the publication of his earlier letters; and finally yielded to the gradual accumulation of evidence, for Dr. Hooker "believes that he had, at last, convinced himself that these implements belong to a period long antecedent to that usually attributed to man's existence on the earth."

At Cambridge, only a few weeks before Professor Henslow's death, a measure was established, for which he and others had long laboured, viz., "admission to the degree of Bachelor of Arts" for "all students who shall pass with credit the examination for the Natural Science Tripos."

Of Professor Henslow in his ministerial capacity we can scarcely speak here. His biographer tells us that he founded at Hitcham those clubs and societies for domestic and benevolent purposes which are now common in all well-regulated parishes, but had no existence previously in his; that in preaching he always referred to the circumstances of the time, in the plainest and most familiar manner, and often printed his sermons for distribution among the people. With his calm, mature judgment, and vast stores of knowledge, we can scarcely wonder that he discouraged excitement, and appealed to the understanding rather than the heart. But in his own younger days he had preached with tears, and had gone so far as to consult Irving, but was brought to a more sober sense by hearing him express surprise at the failure of that fanatical attempt which so shocked Mr. Buckle when a boy. At the age of sixty-five, when he might have been expected to live, like his father, many more years, he was suddenly brought low by an illness under which he lingered many weeks, but without hope of recovery from the first. His patience and child-like simplicity are briefly but touchingly indicated by his biographer, and the scene of the last visit of Professor Sedgwick will be deeply affecting to those who have known both. Both were men of great purposes, who would have been heroes in a time of strife, as they have been leaders of minds in our happier days. One of them asks for a piece of paper, and writes on it that he has no fear of death before his eyes, and believes himself a partaker in the resurrection. To us he has bequeathed the benefits of his long-continued scientific labours, and the example afforded by the "unblemished excellence of his moral life, and the earnestness with which he laboured to do good in his generation, and to make himself useful in the world."

**MEMOIR OF THE LATE GENERAL GRAHAM.**  
*Memoir of General Graham, with Notices of the Campaigns in which he was Engaged from 1779 to 1801.* Edited by His Son, COLONEL JAMES J. GRAHAM, Author of the "Art of War." Edinburgh: Privately Printed by R. and R. Clark. pp. 318.

**I**N ONE RESPECT this volume may be considered an oddity. It was apparently the intention of the late General Graham to write the biography of his friend Colonel Gordon, but the editor has added a quantity of additional matter, and converted it into a *quasi*-memoir of his father. Whatever its other merits may be, it is one of the most rambling works which has ever come before our notice. Not only is the biography of Colonel Gordon interwoven with that of General Graham, but we have twenty pages occupied with the narrative of a spy, and at least forty with the "General Orders" of Lord Moira and the Duke of York, *à propos* of their unfortunate campaigns in Holland. Nor have civil affairs been less obtrusively pressed into the service of swelling out this memoir than military. We have, *inter alia*, a prosy account of Stirling Castle, chiefly borrowed from Pennant; two or three letters from Sir Walter Scott, relating entirely to domestic matters, and wholly uninteresting; and a letter from a Mr. Herman Ryland occupying more than nine pages, and containing among other interesting items, the intelligence that the General's eldest son "still remains curate of Sandridge, near St. Albans, praying day and night for better promotion; the curacy being worth only 120*l.* a year, I am obliged to make such an addition to his income as may enable him to hold up his head." We cannot conceive why this letter was printed. It relates entirely to domestic matters; and the general reader can hardly be supposed to feel the same interest in the clerical promotion

of the curate of Sandridge as his father. If this system of eking out biographies by printing nonsensical letters were commonly practised, every country curate and army subaltern might easily be glorified after death by a couple of folio volumes.

Having said thus much, we may add that General Graham appears to have been a very brave and deserving officer, endowed with an almost preternaturally strong constitution. This was very fortunate, as he appears, with one exception, to have been placed while campaigning under the command of general officers who were excellently fitted to lead their troops into positions where hard knocks were going, but quite unable to assist them when there, or to aid them in escaping the disasters entailed upon them by the ill strategy of their generals. It says much for the philosophic equanimity of General Graham that, though he was in several disastrous battles, and had a bullet through both his lungs and an eye knocked out, he has still a good word for his commanders. Lords Cornwallis, Moira, and even the Duke of York, were all, we are informed, commanders of skill and experience. True, they did not win victories; but what of that? They all would have done so, had not the weather been too wet or too dry; and the enemy too adventurous to observe the ordinary rules of warfare, or too timid to infringe them. Sir Archibald Alison is not, in our opinion, a very reliable historian; but we think he only adopts the universal opinion of all writers on military history in holding that the Duke of York was no general. What his Royal Highness might have done had the enemy changed his tactics, the Austrians and Dutch been more ardent allies, and the weather been favourable, it is needless now to surmise. We know that his Royal Highness never won a victory, and never handled his troops as if he were likely to win one. Indeed, had he possessed all the other qualifications of a great general, he wanted that good fortune without which, according to the Roman critic, any amount of strategy is worse than useless. The editor moots a point likely to interest military men which we do not remember to have seen broached before, viz., as to whether the broadsword is not superior to the bayonet, which he affirms to be the case. It appears that in the disastrous American campaign the military authorities deprived the Highland regiments of their broadswords and pistols, under the plea that these weapons were likely to get entangled in the brushwood, and thus retard the men. Colonel Graham naturally laughs at the idea that this can be alleged against the pistol, which is a weapon likely to be very serviceable in wooded countries, where surprises may take place. He expresses his regret that the pistol should thus have been taken from the Highland soldiers, but still more so that they should have lost their broadswords, which they had used so well on many occasions against the bayonet. He adds that several old officers and soldiers who bore a part in the American war affirmed that an enemy who stood for many hours the fire of musketry invariably gave way when an advance was made sword in hand. We know, too, how at Culloden and elsewhere the Highlanders cut their way through the ranks of the regular troops armed with the bayonet, and placed in a very favourable position.

The mention of the Pretender's campaign in Scotland reminds us of a *bon mot* made by the mother of that Colonel Gordon whom we have incidentally mentioned before. Her brother was the Governor of Linlithgow Palace when a troop of Hawley's dragoons took possession of it, and proceeded to make fires on the floors and to commit other excesses. Mrs. Gordon remonstrated with the English general, and was rudely told she had better leave the palace, if she did not like the troops. "I can run from fire as well as any of you," said the undaunted matron, in allusion to the battle of Falkirk, and so quitted the place.

Some twenty-five pages are devoted to an account of an affair which had almost ended tragically. It appears that an American prisoner, Captain Huddy, had been murdered after battle in cool blood by some refugees. Thereupon Washington determined to take reprisals. Thirteen English captains, among them the subject of this memoir, were selected to draw lots for death, and the fatal lot came to Captain Asgill, of the Foot Guards. Captain Asgill was ultimately released by the intercession of the Count de Vergennes, who begged the life of the English prisoner in the name of the French King. We may add that the chivalry and generosity of the French were as conspicuous throughout the war as the absence of both these qualities in the so-called American patriots.

We quote the following anecdote which has also, we fancy, been told of a reluctant military still hunter in Ireland:

An officer of one of the regiments stationed in the Highlands was detached from his regiment to an outpost, in a part of the country where he received great attention from the resident gentry in the neighbourhood, all of whom were in the habit of obtaining annually a supply of stores from France, such as brandy, wine, and other articles, the produce of that country. Their practice was to join in freighting a vessel, and an opportunity was taken to land the cargo at some convenient moment when the custom-house agents were engaged elsewhere. During the time that the officer in question was quartered at this Highland outpost the annual vessel was signalled off the coast; but on this occasion the time had not been well chosen, and a requisition was made by the custom-house authorities upon the officer himself, as commandant of the troops, for a party of soldiers to protect them in *seizing* the cargo whenever it might be landed.

The officer's duty left him no alternative but to furnish a party, in compliance with the requisition; but, as might be expected, he felt not a little perplexed at finding himself obliged to be aiding and abetting in the confiscation of the property of those kind friends whose hospitality he had so long enjoyed. In this dilemma he hit upon a device, by which he was enabled to rescue his friends' property from the claws of the custom-house myrmidons, without compromising himself, in the execution of his duty, as an officer. He paraded the

party of soldiers as required, and marched them off at the time appointed, but with his drummer leading the way, and making as much noise as a vigorous application of the drumsticks could produce. The exciseman remonstrated, but in vain. He was told that he should not have called for an officer's party; that an officer was entitled to the honour of being preceded by a drum; a double rat-tat-too followed, and the alarm thus created by the drum was such, that timely intimation was given to the master of the vessel to choose some other point for landing.

"The Narrative of a Spy," though utterly unconnected, so far as we can discover, with the biography of General Graham, is yet, in some degree, interesting as the confession of a scoundrel who had almost persuaded himself that his infamous trade was a highly honourable one. He informs his readers that he was in the habit of "writing every other day in an esteemed Paris print," and thus "expressing his detestation of the infamous system pursued by the worse than atheistical rulers of France." The conductors of "the esteemed Paris print" being threatened with the guillotine, and Othello's occupation being thus gone, the writer hastened to the Duke of York's head-quarters. There he has some conversation with the Marquis de Bouillé, who remarked to the newly-arrived traveller that he thought he could make himself very useful to his Royal Highness, and recommended him to Colonel Calvert who had charge of the secret intelligence department. Colonel Calvert naturally asked him for his credentials. The would-be spy replied that his love of true religion and morality was a sufficient guarantee, but that "if more was required, I had reason to think, that in writing to a certain illustrious secretary, and reminding his lordship of the contents of *four anonymous letters* addressed to him from Paris (letters not only fully expressive of what was at that moment machinating against his countrymen and mine, but greatly portentious of the dire effects which we, with the astonished universe, have severally witnessed), there was a possibility of my being honoured with a recommendatory answer from that virtuous nobleman. I observed, at the same time, that my letters were sent without a signature, because I looked for no reward for acquitting myself of a sacred duty." The application of this Pecksniff of espial was successful, and he received an immediate commission as spy in general to the allies. Going out in company with some Austrian hussars, he has just time to hide his papers 'ere he is taken prisoner by the French. He tells the story of his capture thus:

The monsters into whose gripe it was my fate to fall had nothing human in their composition but their form. They treated me with a degree of savage cruelty of refined torture, of which perhaps the most untutored Indians are incapable. Not contented with the submission I testified, they struck me repeatedly, some with the butt-ends of their pistols, others with their sabres; they then drove me before them through a deep though narrow river—the Selle—in which I must have inevitably perished, had I not caught hold of the long tail of the sergeant's horse, which could swim faster than any of the others.

My captors, apprehending no pursuit from the Austrians, very deliberately alighted, and proceeded to plunder me systematically. They began with putting me in the state of nature, and took whatever they thought valuable from me, nor could I prevail on them, for the sake of decency, to return me my shirt! They gave me back my coat and waistcoat, and it was with the greatest difficulty they would allow me to keep my pantaloons. Notwithstanding my extremely unpleasant position, I could not help observing with what joy, not to say ecstasy, they contemplated the golden profiles of the ill-fated monarch whom they had helped to murder by siding with his executioners.

The monsters further prepare to hang him as a suspected spy: "Already was a picket planted as a gallows; already were the cords prepared; while I looked on the apparatus of death with an unconcern which I conceived did honour to the cause for which I was going to breathe my last." He is spared, however, for a time, and, "unaffected by any emotion of joy for my providential escape, nor of grief for being about to experience all the horrors to which a prisoner of war is liable, I was escorted to Paillencour." There he formed an acquaintance with General Cherin, the head of the French secret service, who treated him most sumptuously, and gave him "the most exquisite wines." General Custine is polite enough to ask whether his prisoner has any objection to see him:

Astonished at the question, I replied that the Commander-in-Chief of the enemy's army had only to order a prisoner of war into his presence to be obeyed; and as I had been told that the general would swallow the most nauseous dose of adulation, I added that, to satisfy my curiosity, had Cesar been my contemporary, I would record it as a flattering circumstance of my life to have even the most distant intercourse with that gallant leader.

The General paid him many compliments, and ended with offering him 25,000 livres in specie per month, if, on his return to the Duke of York's head-quarters, he would consent to transmit him every circumstantial detail relative to the allied army, together with 30,000 livres, also in hard cash, if he delivered Baron O'Brady, the commander of the Tyrolese sharpshooters, into his hands. He agrees, and returns to British head-quarters:

Where, as soon as I arrived, I got a small box, into which I put the money I received from Custine, the papers he gave me for my instructions, the "Républicain Français," which he desired me to give the Duke of York from him—all these articles, with a letter from myself explanatory of the whole, I caused to be delivered into the hands of Colonel Calvert, for the inspection of His Royal Highness, who testified his full approbation of my conduct, and mentioned me with distinction to the Prince of Coburg, and two days afterwards Colonel Calvert took down in writing the various observations I had made during my captivity, in consequence of what I could collect at table from the very communicative company whose society I enjoyed. These observations were at that time deemed of high importance.

The spy—whose greasy dishonesty is in one sense amusing—quarrelled with his British employers touching his remuneration, and drew up the foregoing account to show his own merits. He managed for

some time, however, to draw the 25,000 livres per month from the French. His ultimate fate we do not know, though we suspect he escaped that gallows which he so richly deserved.

General Graham, while charging at the head of the Enniskillens in the action at the Helder, lost his left eye, having previously been almost killed by a ball through his lungs while acting against the Caribs of St. Vincent. He was fortunate enough to recover from both these wounds, and to take part in the great victory under the walls of Alexandria.

The Government, anxious to recompense his services, gave him the appointment of Lieutenant-Governor of Dumbarton Castle. On arriving at his post he finds that his predecessor is neither dead nor dying, and not at all disposed to acquiesce in the arrangement which put him so ceremoniously out of the world. So angry, indeed, was he that he put the following advertisement into several newspapers:

I, Islay Ferrier, am not dead.

General Graham shortly afterwards received the Lieut.-Governorship of Stirling Castle, and married. He died in 1831, leaving behind him the reputation of a good soldier and an honest man, and was buried in Stirling church.

#### LITERARY BARBARISM.

*Lectures.* By the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON. London: Nisbet. pp. 156.

GLORY IN EXETER HALL is not glory in England; and glory in England is not glory over all the earth. Mr. Punshon is an Exeter Hall notoriety. He, also, sheds his peculiar light on the Wesleyan Methodists. Beyond the platform and the conventicle Mr. Punshon is probably not known. We have heard it said, however, that Mr. Punshon is the greatest of living preachers. If so, eloquence must be in rather a sad condition amongst us. Our objection to preachers of Mr. Punshon's stamp is not so much their cant and uncharitable spirit, as their corruption of the English language. And surely herein Mr. Punshon is a chief of sinners. A witty writer has compared Mr. Punshon to Dick Swiveller; but this we think is doing injustice to Dick, whose artistic and aesthetical perceptions were of a slightly higher order than those of Mr. Punshon.

We have seen no productions of the potent Punshon, except the lectures on the Prophet of Horeb, on John Bunyan, and on Macaulay. To say that these three lectures are trashy, would be almost to praise them. They consist of commonplaces, crudities, superficialities, clothed in the most contemptible slush. Mr. Punshon has no other ambition than that of filling the ear. That the many-legged words as they stumble and straddle forth should be the bearers of a meaning he seems to consider no affair of his. A man like Mr. Punshon is of necessity a plagiarist. Never having read, studied, thought, what can he do but borrow, beg, and steal in every direction? This is so much a habit with Mr. Punshon, that he is plainly not conscious of it. If you meet with an idea which has not the Punshon stamp, be certain that it is part of the unconfessed plunder. But Mr. Punshon's appropriations are delightfully varied by his own nonsense. If Professor Craik—who is a strenuous upholder, by precept and example, of genuine English—were to give us specimens of the worst which has been written since the Norman Conquest, instead of the best, he would find Mr. Punshon of immense service. Luther "shreds off a paralytic." What a wonderful process that must be! It is, indeed, so wonderful that we have not the remotest conception of it. Again, Luther goes as a mendicant friar to the houses where he had "starred it as a lion." Poor Luther! Elijah "flushes the cheek of a dead child." It is thus that the grandeur and simplicity of the Biblical record are mocked and murdered. Furthermore, Elijah is "a flying roll carved with mercy and judgment"—a description equally accurate and intelligible. Again, Columbus had not the presentiment of a sublime discovery—no, that would not do: Columbus "spied the log of wood in its eastward drifting." How exquisitely poetical and suggestive. John Wesley "went on until a large portion of his world-parish rejoiced in his light, and wondered at its luminous and ardent flame." Now, why did Mr. Punshon invent such a preposterous compound as *world-parish*, when more usual and suitable words were at his command? What extravagant tautology in the *luminous and ardent flame of a light!* Are not all lights luminous, and all flames ardent? To recall by imagination the home of Walter Scott is, with Mr. Punshon, to "realise the penetralia of Abbotsford." It might be supposed that the question whether there should or should not be a new version of the Bible ought to be calmly stated and discussed. But we are not to ask pious persons what they think of the matter; Mr. Punshon says that we are to "poll the sacramental host of God's elect." There was not laughter on a certain occasion—laughter is an everyday thing—but "cachinnatory symptoms began to develop themselves." Those persons who "have gleaned a hallowed chastening, Death—God's eagle—sweeps into heaven." From the perusal of Macaulay's Essays "there is danger to our cerebral symmetry from the enlargement of the bump of wonder;" from the perusal of the reviews of Macaulay's History, Mr. Punshon himself has had a "mental dyspepsia from which he has hardly yet recovered." Macaulay was "an omnivorous reader, familiar with every corner of the book world," and "divining from the entrails of a folio as the ancient augurs from the entrails of a bird." Sometimes Mr. Punshon seems to aim at

rivalling Dr. Cumming. Take this prophetic strain—"It is morally certain that most of us had ancestors who distinguished themselves in the Wars of the Roses, and that most of us will have posterity who shall be engaged in the last strife of Armageddon"—a statement and a prediction which, to examine closely, would be rather perilous for the fluent Punshon; inasmuch as those fighting for York or Lancaster formed only a small section of the people, and of this small section, only a still smaller section achieved distinction. Through "God's glorious alchemy the character is riced with the gold," is a Punshon utterance in praise of adversity.

There is a highly intellectual body called the Young Men's Christian Association, which draws its principal recruits, we believe, from apprentices in the grocery and haberdashery line; brisk, and, we are afraid, rather conceited, striplings, who, after *shaving*, as it is called, innocent customers all day, go to Exeter Hall in the evening to lay in a stock of that religion which consists in anathematizing your neighbour as an infidel. It is to this chosen band that Mr. Punshon casts his pearls, or rather, perhaps, we should say, his cutlery, as Mr. Punshon's place of abode is Sheffield—where the battle of Armageddon has already begun in the form of trade assassinations. Now, Mr. Punshon is not satisfied with edifying the junior grocers and haberdashers through his own delectable rhetoric,—to show that he has paid twopence for learning as well as twopence for manners, and that he possesses some dictionaries, some grammars, a copy of Lemprière, and scraps cut out of newspapers, Mr. Punshon sports words and phrases—Greek, Latin, and French—and even ventures on classical allusions. *Phronēma sarkos* must have a dulcet sound to a butcher's boy, and *Advocatus Diaboli* must stir a sympathetic throb in the breast of a draper who has been busy for hours in getting rid of damaged goods. Minerva, who has so often sprung full armed from the brain of Jupiter, performs thefeat again in Mr. Punshon's pages. No doubt Minerva suggests to the attorney's clerk the female Blondin—to the disadvantage of Minerva. When Mr. Punshon declares in familiar Latin that it is right to be taught by the enemy, he means, of course, that you should watch the proceedings of the rival shopkeeper over the way, so as to undersell him. Mr. Punshon is rather polite to the Devil, whom he calls the "Grand Old Demon;" but is he polite, either to the intelligence or the morality of his hearers, in alluding to the bed of Procrustes? As Procrustes was a robber, it is unkind thus to symbolise short weights and measures. In quoting the Latin aphorism that the poet is born, not made, Mr. Punshon urges the men of ribbons and figs by all means to give the *divine afflatus* forth if they have it. He would have been better understood if he had impressed on them the excellence of peppermint lozenges, if this was really what he intended. The next time Mr. Punshon appeals to the model Christians who troop from behind counters to Exeter Hall, he must be more explicit. When he wishes to be severe on Rosherville or Cremorne he must not perplex the shopmen and clerks with the Island of Calypso, and in order to indicate that all is not well with the clerks and shopmen, he must not protest that Ithaca is misgoverned. Clio and Calliope likewise will be mistaken for the names of pretty shopwomen. In mercy, Mr. Punshon, either do not be so prodigal of your erudition, or bring it down to the level of ordinary minds.

In reminding England of her "religious advantages," Mr. Punshon places in the foremost rank the fact that "God's name is stamped on the currency." This is a consolation to be sure; but, alas! covetous mortals care more for the coins than for the superscription, even if there be the *grace of God* in Latin. The beloved disciple John "wounds out of the Master's heart the foul betrayer's name;" not very dignified or flattering language to be applied either to the Master or the disciple. Still less dignified is the "cross reared on the loftiest platform." After Calvary and the associations of Christianity with it, the *platform* is an odd and ugly word. In the Puritan times we encounter "douce burghers acting history and moulded into men." A haberdasher or a grocer, then, is not a man except when acting history. Does acting history include vigour in the affairs of the parish vestry? John Bunyan's sins are classified as "swearing, Sabbath-breaking, bellringing, and dancing." We never knew before that bellringing and dancing were deadly sins. Mr. Punshon describes home as the spot where "fireside pleasures gambol." The fireside must be a large one to permit this species of vivacity. By good conscience John Bunyan is "weaponed as by a shield of triple mail." One of John's children is a "clasping tendril." Though John is in Bedford Gaol, he is nevertheless in the "palace Beautiful with its sights of renown and songs of melody; its virgins of comeliness and of discretion; and its windows opening for the *first kiss of the sun*." Christians pressing the "Pilgrim's Progress" to their heart, "glimpsed the coming of the day." John Wesley was "welcomed on his evangelistic journeys with ovations of misrepresentation and mud." The founder of Methodism had the instincts of a gentleman, and had received the education of a scholar. His eloquence was the eloquence of direct and simple speech. How he would have abhorred the gaudy, vulgar, tasteless embellishments in which Mr. Morley Punshon, Wesleyan preacher, runs riot! How he would have listened with indignation and loathing, to "Go to the lazaretto where the moral lepers herd, and tell them of the healing balm; go to the squalid haunts of crime, and float a gospel on the feculent air; go, and win the spurs of your spiritual manhood." There is abundance of extravagant and tedious speechifying in Bulwer's historical novels;

and it is in the most pompous Bulwer style that Mr. Punshon would teach a few plain duties to Cheapside apprentices. We despise no honest calling; and every man should be proud of his calling if it be an honest one. But a youth measuring tape or weighing butter has a resemblance to a knight of the Middle Ages which only the eye or the fancy of Mr. Punshon can discover. When, consequently, Mr. Punshon talks to barbers, cheesemongers, confectioners, and the rest, about "their inspiring banner text," about what is "brodered on their housings;" tells them that "not to prance in the sheen of bright lances and bright eyes don they their armour;" that "they have too serious work on hand to flaunt in a mimic pageant, or to furnish a holiday review," we must turn him over to the companionship of that "not very complimentary animal," whose shorter name Mr. Punshon is afraid to pronounce, lest he should provoke an echo. The grocers and haberdashers are to speak the truth to their brethren in love, that "it may subdue them by its winsome beauty." Truth may as well depart from the world at once, if it is merely to smirk and coquette like a pretty girl.

Mr. Punshon pesters us with some lugubrious lumber about the decline of the pulpit. He attributes this decline to a pugnacious Pyrrhonism which seems to be the most athletic agent of the "grand old demon." Now, if the pulpit is losing empire, it must be the fault of the preachers. It may be very pleasant and convenient when anything is wrong to fall foul of the unbeliever; and with Mr. Punshon every one is an unbeliever, who is a little less ignorant and obstreperous than the author of "The Prophet of Horeb," and who does not pray as if he were hailing an omnibus or squabbling with a cabman. What institution could be saved from ruin which had Punshons as its ministers and champions? It is literary barbarism that has brought part of the pulpit so low. That part imitates the lecture-hall, and the lecture-hall imitates the vilest portions of the press, and the vilest portion of the press panders to the prejudices and pruriences of the multitude. The pulpit cannot regain its moral authority till it returns to its ancient literary loftiness. It is said that Voltaire had always the works of Massillon lying on his table on account of their statuary, their absolute beauty; and higher than all their other prose writers the French place Bossuet. Creeds may change, temples may be shattered; but the glory of Bourdaloue as an orator is immortal. In the pages of Saurin the French Protestant preachers seek inspiration. Alike in the Catholic and in the Protestant Churches the French pulpit may have lost its irresistible force; it still retains its dignity; it still guards its majesty by clothing itself in the ideal of literary art. Without speaking of others, we refer to Lacordaire in the one Church and Vinet in the other. Some of our own most illustrious writers were preachers; and amid a noble host, Jeremy Taylor, Barrow, and South, are the noblest—the first unequalled in gorgeous imagination, the second in solidity and suggestiveness, the third in point, polish, pith, and lucidity. Almost the last English preacher who manifested a literary reverence for the pulpit was Robert Hall. To him the pulpit had an intellectual as well as a religious sacredness. Since the death of Hall, and especially since the death of Chalmers—who had more genius, more breadth, and opulence than Hall, but a less accomplished taste—the English pulpit has been scandalously, lamentably degraded. Of course prophetic fervour should in the pulpit take precedence of artistic skill—but artistic skill and prophetic fervour are not incompatible. In any case prophetic fervour is solemn, exalted, and spurns the trickeries of the buffoon. As the pulpit to which we refer has increased in quackery it has increased in bigotry. Mr. Punshon declaims about those eternal principles of truth and love to whose advocacy Exeter Hall is consecrated. Alas! so far as Mr. Punshon himself is concerned, we are unable to detect either love or truth. He asserts that the best revelations of God are reserved for the men of perfect love. Why, then, curse all those whose affections are too divine to be imprisoned in dogmas? When the pulpit climbs by pain and sacrifice to that heroic elevation wherefrom in the past it breathed words of command along with words of consolation; when it arms itself with Catholic charity and profound erudition; when, instead of seeking allies in the camp of political obstructives and theological obscurantists, it welcomes with generous enthusiasm all godlike virtues, godlike discoveries, godlike speech, the man of learning will bow as gladly to the pulpit as the most unlettered peasant. But when a man oracularly declares that the one supreme defect in Macaulay's life and writings is "his negativism on the subject of evangelical religion" (asif Macaulay should always have been repeating the jargon of the Conventicle to prove that he was not an atheist), cultivated minds must turn away with contempt and disgust. Amusement will, perhaps, take the place of disgust and contempt when it is stated that Luther "chanted, like the old Minnesingers, in the street for bread." Why not say that Mr. Tennyson, when last seen, was sitting beside the usual mendicants on London Bridge, selling chickweed, Mr. Punshon's sermons, and Mr. Punshon's lectures? For the benefit of Mr. Punshon and of the *Young Men's Christian Association* we offer the information that the "Minnesingers" were honoured as poets have seldom been honoured before or since, that they were the guests of nobles and the companions of kings. When Bunyan had written the "Pilgrim's Progress," with the true modesty of genius he hesitated long as to the propriety of publication," saith Mr. Punshon; but Mr. Punshon did not hesitate long about the propriety of publishing his own lectures, and we have not hesitated long about the propriety of denouncing him as a literary barbarian.

ATTICUS.

## THE PORT OF LONDON.

*The Port and Trade of London, Historical, Statistical, Local, and General.* By CHARLES CAPPER. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. pp. 507.

THE HISTORY OF THE GREAT PORTS, rightly considered, is the history of the material progress of the world; in other words, it is the history of the advance of the manufacturing arts, commercial enterprise, luxuries, and all those heterogeneous matters which come within the boundaries of that vast and indefinite word—civilisation. The progress of nations, like the progress of individuals, is commonly measured by the amount of money which they spend, and that before money can be spent it must be made is an axiom too plain to require much argument. Not content with the goods which their own lands have blessed them with, men, from the earliest times, have risked life and substance in the speculative enterprise of bringing foreign luxuries from other shores. All great nations have been great traders; all great capitals have been *emporium* of commerce. Under King Solomon the chosen people developed commercial instincts, of which the immense export operation which accompanied their exodus from Egypt was the earliest symptom, and which they have never lost since the wise son of David "had at sea a navy of Tharsish with the navy of Hiram: once in three years came the navy of Tharsish, bringing gold and silver, ivory, and apes and peacocks." It is difficult to take the latter articles of import in any other sense than as proofs of luxury and prodigality; but the general result of King Solomon's trading is obvious, for "the King made silver to be in Jerusalem as stones, and cedars made he to be as sycamores that are in the vale, for abundance; and Solomon had horses brought out of Egypt and linen yarn: the King's merchants received the linen yarn at a price."

The names of Tyre and Tharsish remind us that if the history of the rise of the great ports be identical with that of the rise of great nations, it includes also the story of their downfall. What is the trade of Tyre and Tharsish now? The great cities of the ancient empires, too, Babylon and Nineveh; to them did the merchants of India and Persia resort, and the traders from Central Asia. Where is their trade now? When Zenobia built Palmyra in the wilderness it was a great mart, whither the African merchants resorted with their caravans laden with gold, spices, and elephants' tusks. Where Carthage received the wealth of the world, Tunis now stands; but its port is scarcely superior to that of St. Helier's, in Jersey. Venice, too, once the mistress of the seas, now sits abashed before Liverpool and Hull. Will it be so one day with London itself? Who can foretell? It may be that the famous New Zealander, when he pays his promised visit, will point at the remains of these vast basins which line the river from the Custom-house to Blackwall, and will ask what they were intended for. If so, we need scarcely add, the day of England's greatness will be long past.

Even in the comparatively brief period already occupied by English history, some of our chief ports have undergone strange vicissitudes. Of the five chief ports of England at the time of the Conquest (commonly called the Cinq Ports), none occupies any position of commercial importance now. Sandwich, whither the greatest share of trade once came, is now two miles from the coast, owing to the alterations which have taken place in that part of the coast. Bristol affords a still more conspicuous example of rapid change, having been deposed, in little more than half a century, from the place of the chief commercial emporium of the west coast to a position inferior to Liverpool and Glasgow. The port of Birkenhead, opposite to Liverpool, affords a remarkable example of the rapidity with which a great port can be built and established within the limits of a single generation, when it is actually required for the legitimate development of trade.

Mr. Capper, who fills the onerous position of manager of the Victoria Docks, has written a very readable volume, which pretends to give an historical, statistical, local, and general report of the port and trade of London. This, however, it is not, so much as it is a rather discursive history of English trade generally. No doubt the subject was a tempting one, and that Mr. Capper could not resist the temptation of branching off into matters not strictly connected with London even in its very wide definition as a port. It may not be generally known to our readers that, under an Act of Charles II., for many purposes, the port of London is held to extend as far as the North Foreland.

The opening chapters of the volume are devoted to a brief survey of the general history of trade, and of British trade in particular. Some of the statements are, perhaps, open to some slight animadversion. The opinion that "Londoners are not only disposed to trade, but their commercial character stands unrivalled," either means nothing or means nonsense. To say that they are "disposed to trade," is to imitate the phrenologist who, after seeing M. Blondin walk the rope, examined his head, and said that his brain had the peculiar conformation which would enable a man to walk along a rope; but to say that their "commercial character stands unrivalled," is a statement which may be pronounced to be something more than hazardous in the face of the disclosures which have taken place in our Bankruptcy Court and Law Courts during the last few years. So long as Mr. Capper confines himself to the plain facts and figures which serve to illustrate the history of the port he is on safe ground; but directly he begins to generalise he goes wrong. Mr. Capper says that "great wealth is uniformly found to go with great

numbers." If so, the Chinese are the wealthiest people on the earth, and the inhabitants of Africa ought to be rolling in riches. Again, he says that "we pay for the products of the world by greater luxuries produced at lower rates than the luxuries we purchase." The fact is, that we purchase the greatest luxuries at the cost of such cheap necessities as cotton cloth and Sheffield cutlery. Nor is it true that London is more favourably situated than any other city as a port. On the contrary, her great distance from the mouth of the river, and also from the coal country and the centre of manufacturing industry are serious drawbacks, in spite of which London has become the immense port which she undoubtedly is.

We do not propose to follow Mr. Capper very closely through his historical chapters. He traces the port of London from the very beginning, and points out that an edict of King Ethelred (A.D. 978) refers to the fact that "the Emperor's men, or Easterlings, come with their ships to Belinggate." The Easterlings were the merchants of the Steelyard, and paid a duty to the port. William the Norman fortified London; but in the charter which he granted to the inhabitants, he made no mention of commerce. Henry I. and other sovereigns, however, granted them privileges; and Fitz-Stephen, in his "Life of Sir Thomas à Becket," thus describes the prosperity of London:

Arabia's gold, Sabaea's spice and incense,  
Scythia's keen weapons, and the oil of palms  
From Babylon's deep soil; Nile's precious gems;  
China's bright, shining silks; and Gallic wines;  
Norway's warm peltry, and the Russian sables;  
All here abound.

Edward I. expelled the Jews, but offered some special advantages to other foreign traders. It is to the reign of Edward III., however, that commerce, like arts and laws, must look for its most important epoch. In the first year of his reign he founded three of the great guilds which at one time held the commerce of London in their hands, though of late years they have degenerated very much into dinner clubs and organisations for perpetuating a great deal of charity and a great deal of jobbery. The Goldsmiths, the Merchant Taylors, and the Skinners, were the three companies then founded; being the oldest of the now existing companies, with the single exception of the Fishmongers, which was founded in the reign of Edward I. Before the close of Edward III.'s reign the Grocers, Salters, Drapers, and Vintners were founded. The Mercers belong to the reign of Richard II.; the Haberdashers to that of Henry VI.; and the Ironmongers and Clothworkers to that of Edward IV. In the early days of commerce the English merchants displayed the greatest jealousy of all foreigners, and many disturbances arose out of that feeling. Among the great English merchants of that time must be reckoned the celebrated Richard Whittington, of whom Mr. Capper gives a tale rather more prosaic, but scarcely less interesting, than the well-known nursery tale:

Whittington must not be forgotten, upon whose history some light has recently been thrown by an industrious antiquary. He was the third son of Sir William Whittington, of Paunton, in the county of Gloucester, who appears to have fallen into indifferent circumstances, and whose widow married a second time Sir Thomas de Berkeley, of Cubberley, where she died in 1373. Richard Whittington was born in 1350, and, at an early age, came to London to seek his fortune. He was apprenticed to one Hugh Fitzwarren, a mercer (who appears also to have been a Gloucestershire man). Being disgusted with the drudgery of apprenticeship, he essayed to run away, but "turned gain," to his own great advantage, on the approach of night, and on hearing the sound of Bow bell, whilst resting himself on the stone cross at the foot of Highgate-hill.

The story of the cat, which laid the foundation of Whittington's good fortune, is known to every English child; and it is pleasant to think that it has been lately rescued from ridicule, and that tradition in this, as in other cases, is more to be relied on than is often allowed. Whittington married Alice Fitzwarren, his master's daughter, and, no doubt, succeeded to his trade. He became a most eminent mercer. The issue rolls show that he supplied the wedding *trousseau* of the Princess Blanche, King Henry IV.'s eldest daughter, on her marriage with the son of the King of the Romans; and also the wedding dresses, pearls, and cloth of gold, for the marriage of the Princess Philippa, the King's daughter, Queen of Sweden and Norway, with the King of the Romans. He was also the Court banker of the day, and lent large sums of money to the sovereigns, especially to Henry V., "for maintaining the siege of Harfleur."

Whittington, it is said, was "thrice Lord Mayor of London." In fact, he filled the office of Lord Mayor of London four times, and was the first Mayor to whom the prefix of Lord was granted. He was first appointed Mayor by the Crown, 1397 (20 Rich. II.), "in the place of Adam Baunne, who had gone the ways of all flesh." He was elected Mayor in the year following, 1398; and he was again elected in 1406 (8 Hen. IV.). In 1416 he was elected Member of Parliament for the City of London, and he was again elected Lord Mayor in 1419 (7 Hen. V.).

The popularity of Whittington among his fellow-citizens appears to have arisen as well from his public acts as from his private liberality. He was one of the most strenuous supporters of the native trade, and a vigorous opponent of the admission of foreigners to the freedom of the City. He also made himself very popular by proceedings which he instituted against the Brewers' Company "for selling dear ale," alleging that they "had ridden into the country, and forestalled the market to raise its price." The Brewers, upon this information, were convicted and fined 20*l.*, and were ordered to be kept in the Chamberlain's custody until they should pay it, or find security; to which "extraordinary and arbitrary proceedings of Richard Whittington against the Company" the Brewers greatly objected, and refused "to make feasts or breakfasts, or to provide their yearly livery during his mayoralty, in consequence of the grievous and great charges which Richard Whittington imposed upon them."

Whittington, in fact, was a people's champion, as well as a royal banker; and he lent his purse, as well as his influence, to raise the people in the social scale. During his lifetime he erected conduits for the people at Cripplegate and near Billingsgate; he founded a library for the Grey Friars' monastery in Newgate-street, and furnished it with books, which, at that time, before the introduction of the art of printing, were extremely costly; he caused the compilation of the "Liber Albus," a book of great importance, in which were entered "the laudable

customs not written, but wont to be observed in the City of London; and he contributed largely towards the erection of the library at Guildhall. He restored the Hospital of St. Bartholomew, Smithfield, which had fallen into decay, and, by his instructions on his death-bed, he provided for the rebuilding of the prison of Newgate, which was so pestiferous a place as to cause many deaths; and for the erection of a noble set of almshouses at Highgate, which bear his name. It is stated of him that, in his last mayoralty, King Henry V. and Queen Catherine dined with him in the City, when Whittington caused a fire to be lighted of precious woods, mixed with cinnamon and other spices, and that, taking all the bonds, given him by the King for money lent, amounting to no less than 60,000*l.*, he threw them into the fire and burnt them; thereby freeing his Sovereign from his debts. The King, astonished at such a proceeding, exclaimed, "Surely, never had king such a subject;" to which Whittington, with courtly gallantry, replied, "Surely, Sire, never had subject such a king."

Whittington lived in a house in Hart-street, "four doors from Mark-lane, up a gateway." The residence, which was a very handsome one, existed till a recent period. He died in 1427, aged 73. He was buried in the church of St. Michael, Paternoster Royal, to which he had been a liberal benefactor, and where his wife had been previously interred. He had no children; and the bulk of his estates he left to his executors, to be laid out in purposes of charity and in completing the works he had commenced. He left his collar of SS and some silver plate to his brother Robert, Lord of Pauntry, and his heirs."

Whittington was in every way in advance of his age, and a valuable example to successive generations. The liberal views which he introduced into trade, no doubt did much to promote legitimate commerce, as well as to show English merchants the superior advantages of an honest and liberal mode of trading.

In tracing the earliest development of trade we come upon some familiar names; that of the De Medici and of Jacques Cœur, the great merchant of Bourges. In the reign of Henry VII. some treaties were signed of great importance to English trade; but it was not until the reign of Henry VIII. that ships of very large tonnage were built. The Society of Merchant-Adventurers was, however, established, and the discovery of Newfoundland by John Cabot offered fresh opportunities for extending trade. That there was much need of foreign luxuries may be gathered from the account we have of the lack of variety in food and raiment at the time. At the beginning of her husband's reign, Queen Katharine of Aragon "could not have obtained a salad for her dinner in all England." At that time carrots and turnips were brought from Holland; and Leonard Mascall, the King's gardener, was the first to bring carp to our ponds. The labours of the Acclimatisation Society would have been better appreciated at that time even than at this. It was about the same period also that hops were introduced from France, also apricots, melons, gooseberries, and currants, which were brought from the Island of Zante. Since that time our acquisitions of this kind have been but few. Towards the latter end of Henry's reign an attempt was made to introduce the silkworm into England, but it failed. Mr. Capper says that, "Experience has proved that silkworms cannot be propagated north of the Loire." We would fain hope that this conclusion is rather a hasty one; or, at any rate, that it does not apply to the Ailanthus silkworm, for the introduction of which the Acclimatisation Society and Lady Dorothy Nevill are so zealously labouring.

The grants of monopolies under the Stuarts, the foundation of the East India Company, our wars with the Dutch, the effect upon trade of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the establishment of the Bank of England, the Darien and South Sea Companies, the Methuen Treaty, the growth of our colonies, and our disputes with them, all these are touched upon as landmarks in our commercial history. Towards the end of his historical survey Mr. Capper gives an account, *more suo*, of the controversy which England waged against all the world in support of that trident of her power—at the same time the symbol and implement of her maritime supremacy—the right of search. After recounting the manner in which England insisted upon the right to search some Dutch merchant vessel—a right which she enforced at the cannon's mouth, he continues:

But this state of things led to declarations on the part of Russia, Sweden, and Denmark—

"I. That neutral ships shall enjoy a free navigation, even from port to port, and on the coasts of the belligerent powers.

"II. That all effects belonging to the subjects of belligerent powers shall be looked upon as free on board such neutral ships, except only such goods as are stipulated as contraband."

The declaration, of which these are the principal points, was called the "Armed Neutrality." The Dutch assented to it in November 1780, but the effect of their declaration of assent was neutralised by an incident which occurred about the same time. Mr. Laurens, previously President of Congress, had been sent from America to Holland, in an American vessel, as ambassador to the States-General. The ship in which he embarked was captured by an English vessel off Newfoundland, and amongst Mr. Laurens' papers was found a recent treaty of commerce, signed in September 1778, between the United States and Holland. England immediately demanded satisfaction of the Dutch, but they being in no hurry to comply with the demand, on December 20th England declared war, and seized all the Dutch vessels in her ports.

England was now at war with four nations—with France, Spain, Holland, and America. Great as was her power at sea, it could scarcely be expected, nor was it for the interest of nations, or of the world, that this state of things should long continue. The commerce and manufactures of the country were distressed; the exports had sunk from 17,288,000*l.* in 1774, to 11,332,000*l.* in 1781. Yet, strange to say, the reaction which began at this time to set in, and which ultimately brought about a peace, arose less from the distresses than from the successes of England.

Why it should be "strange to say," we fail to understand. England alone, against Europe in arms, proved her ability to enforce that right which was entrusted to her for the benefit of mankind and to ensure the peace of the world, by the simple exercise of her power to call into existence a body of privateers sufficiently strong to stay the wheel of commerce until her demands were satisfied. We see nothing strange in the fact that this was so, though after ages may consider it not only strange, but incredible, that, blinded by the selfish-

ness of money-getting and the sophistries of false logicians, without any pressure being put upon her or a shot fired in anger, England, in the year 1862, was beguiled into abandoning this precious, Heaven-bestowed right. It is evident, however, that Mr. Capper regards the right of search with anything but the eye of favour. "With him, it is simply an obstacle to trade, than which, in his opinion, no greater calamity can happen to a people."

The chapters relating to the history of the Port of London are followed by others describing the port and the various docks and landing-places of which it consists. An account is given of the origin and progress of the West India Docks, the London Docks, and the St. Katherine Docks. They were built by private enterprise, the Government encouraging them by giving them the monopoly of certain branches of trade for a fixed period of years. The London Docks are among the marvels of the Great Metropolis, and a morning spent among its vaults, stored with the vintages of the world, and its floors laden with all manner of valuable commodities, will give an idea of the extent of our commerce, such as can be acquired in no other manner.

Our space forbids us to follow Mr. Capper through the chapters describing all the details of the foreign trade of the port; they are, however, full of information. Those who are ignorant of what "argol" is, or desire to know something about "orchil," may be here enlightened. Words like these are constantly appearing in commercial lists, which, but for some accident, remained sealed enigmas to the public. Until the great fire near London Bridge, very few people outside commercial circles knew the meaning of the word "jute;" but when the details of that conflagration came to be described, it appeared that a very large proportion of the merchandise destroyed was jute, and, in answer to inquiries, it then appeared that jute was an article which (however little known to the public at large) had for many years entered largely into the composition of ropes and twine, paper, and even "real English silks."

#### TRAVELS IN ICELAND.

*Pen and Pencil Sketches of Faroe and Iceland. With an Appendix containing Translations from the Icelandic.* By ANDREW JAMES SYMINGTON. London: Longman. pp. 315.

OUR PREVIOUS ACQUAINTANCE with Mr. Symington is in connection with quite another species of literature than that to which books of travel belong. In his "Harebell Chimes," this gentleman (whose courtship of the Muse does not, we believe, debar him from paying a close attention to commerce) made a creditable *début* as a poet; and in his work on "The Beautiful in Nature, Art and Life," Mr. Symington gave the world some useful, though discursive, speculations on themes which many authors, from Longinus to Burke, have discoursed upon without exhausting. The volume before us contains a very readable account of a holiday spent in Iceland. Ever since Mr. William Chambers spent a summer holiday in the land of sulphur, trout, and geysers, Iceland has been a favourite place of resort with some of the more enthusiastic of the Scotch holiday makers. Mr. Symington was attracted by an advertisement in *The Times*, to the effect that the Danish steamer *Arcturus*, was about to touch at Leith on its way to Iceland, and that it would also touch at the Faroe and Westmann Isles, and would sail from Reykjavik round to Seydisfjord on the east of Iceland, so as to enable the passengers to obtain a view of the magnificent range of mountains and glaciers on the South coast.

Making his preparations as rapidly as possible, Mr. Symington found himself on the 20th of last July on board the *Arcturus* in Leith Dock. We pass over the details of the voyage and description of his fellow travellers. In passing they had a good view of the Faroe Islands. Mr. Symington gives the choice of two derivations of the word Faroe,—one the Norse word *foer*, or sheep; the other *fier*, the Dutch word for feathers, the latter on account of the innumerable seabirds which build in the island. Off the Faroes he saw a whirlpool, called the Monk, which is reputed "dangerous in some states of the tide; although its perils, like those of Corrievreckan between Jura and Scarba in the Hebrides, have been greatly exaggerated."

The approach to the Faroe group is very fine, presenting to our view a magnificent panorama of fantastically-shaped islands—peaked, sharp, angular, bare, precipitous rocks, rising sheer from the sea; the larger-sized islands being regularly terraced into two or more successive grades of columnar trap-rock. Some of these singular hill-islets are sharp along the top, like the ridge of a house, and slope down on either side to the sea, at an angle of fifty degrees. Others of them are isolated stacks.

The hard trap-rock, nearly everywhere alternating with soft tufa, or clay-stone, sufficiently accounts for the regular, stair-like terraces which form a striking and characteristic feature of these picturesque islands. The whole have evidently, in remote epochs, been subjected to violent physical abrasion, probably glacial, during the period of the ice-drift, and subsequently to the disintegrating, crumbling influences of moisture, and of the atmosphere wedge of ice, which does its work silently but surely, and to an extent which few people would imagine.

We now pass that singular rock-island, Little Dimon, which supports a few wild sheep; and Store Dimon, on which only one family resides. The cliffs here, as also on others of the islands, are so steep that boats are lowered with ropes into the sea; and people landing are either pulled up by ropes, or are obliged to clamber up by fixing their toes and fingers in holes cut on the face of the rock. Sea-fowls and eggs are every year collected in thousands from these islets by the bold cragmen. These men climb from below; or, like the sanniphe gatherer—"dreadful trade"—are let down to the nests by means of a rope, and there they pursue their perilous calling in "midway"

air" over the sea. They also sometimes approach the cliffs at night, in boats, carrying lighted torches, which lure and dazzle the birds that come flying around them, so that they are easily knocked down with sticks, and the boat is thus speedily filled. As many as five thousand birds have been taken in one year from Store Dimon alone, and in former times they were much more numerous.

We watch clouds like white fleecy wool rolling past, and apparently being raked by the violet-coloured peaks, whilst others lower down are pierced and rest peacefully among them.

Having passed Sandoe, through the Skaapen Fiord, we see Hestoe, Kolter, Vaagoe, and other distant blue island heights in the direction of Myggenes, the most western island of the group. We now sail between Stromoe on the west and Naalsoe on the east. Stromoe is the central and largest island of the group, being twenty-seven miles long and seven broad. It contains Thorshavn, the capital of Faroe. Naalsoe, the needle island, is so called from a curious cave at the south end, which penetrates the island from side to side like the eye of a needle—larger, by a long way, than Cleopatra's. Daylight shows through it, and, in calm weather, boats can sail from the one side to the other. We observe a succession of sea-caves in the rocks as we sail along, the action of the waves having evidently scooped out the softer strata, and left the columnar trap-rock hanging like a pent-house over each entrance. These caves are tenanted by innumerable sea-birds. On the brink of the water stand restless glossy cormorants; along the horizontal rock-ledges above them sit skua-gulls, kittiwakes, aukas, guillemots, and puffins, in rows, and generally ranged in the order we have indicated, beginning with the cormorant on the lower stones or rocks next the sea, and ending with the puffin, which takes the highest station in this bird congress.

Like a true denizen of Glasgow, Mr. Symington compares the scenery around Thorshavn, the capital of Faroe, to that which surrounds Loch Long. Here the party landed, and Mr. Symington gives us some curious notes as to the habits and belongings of the inhabitants. He tells us of such unaccustomed delicacies as "a savoury pot of puffin broth," and described whale's flesh as "nutritious and not very unpalatable," resembling "tough beef, with a flavour of venison." Mr. Symington was, indeed, told that the steaks from a young whale, when fresh and tender, "can scarcely be distinguished from beef-steak."

On to Iceland. The *Arcturus* puts into the port of Reykjavik, and Mr. Symington treads the land of the Eddas and the Sagas. Many of the matters described are not new to us, but Mr. Symington may be pardoned a little astonishment at finding the thermometer at 72 deg. and "young ladies, in elegant Parisian costume, out sunning themselves like butterflies." The first trip to be arranged was, of course, one to the Geysers, whither Mr. Symington and his friends proceeded on horseback. There is a minute description of the ride over that wild and barren country which intervenes between the port and the Geysers. Some of the difficulties of that journey proved formidable enough even to one not unacquainted with the asperities of "the Duke of Argyll's Bowling Green."

I am thus particular, because certain descriptions led me to suppose that here we would encounter a precipice at right angles to our path, and have to descend the face of it, instead of descending an incline parallel to its face, from where the stair begins on the old level. As it is, however, it seemed quite steep enough, with the rock-walled incline reaching from the valley to our feet. This wild chasm is called the Almannagjá—all men's or main chasm; while the one on the one on the other side of the vale of Thingvalla is called the Hrafnagjá, or Raven's Chasm. The whole character of the scene, whether viewed by the mere tourist, or dwelt upon by the man of science, is intensely interesting, and in several respects quite unique; hence I have tried to describe it so minutely.

When Professor Chadbourne and I came up to it we gazed down in awe and wonder. We knew that our companions must have descended somehow, for there was no other way; but how, we could not tell. Were we to dismount and let the horses go first they might escape and leave us; if we attempted to lead them down they might fall on the top of us; to descend on foot would be extremely difficult at any time, and dismounting and mounting again at this stage of our proceedings was rather a formidable undertaking. "How shall we set about it?" I asked my friend. "You may do as you please," said he, "but I must keep my seat if I can." So shall I, for the horse is surer footed than I can hope to be to-day." "Lead on then," said the Professor, "and I'll follow!"

So leaving my pony to its steps, it slowly picked its way down the steep gorge; zig-zagging from point to point and crag to crag, or stepping from one great block of stone to another. I was repeatedly compelled to lean back, touching the pony's tail with the back of my head, in order to maintain the perpendicular, and avoid being shot forward, feet first, over its head, among the rocks. Sometimes at steep places it drew up its hind legs and slid down on its hams, many loose stones rattling down along with us as the pony kicked out right and left to keep its balance, and made the sparks fly from its heels. Descending in silence, at last we reached the bottom in safety, thinking it rather a wild adventure in the way of riding, and one not to be attempted elsewhere.

Looking back with awe and increasing wonder at the gorge we had descended, for it certainly was terrifically steep, we both remarked the cool indifference and utter absence of fear with which we had ridden down such a breakneck place. The fresh air and excitement prevent one from thinking anything about such adventures till they are over.

Many travellers have described the Geysers, and the scientific laws which govern these curious natural phenomena have been often explained. Mr. Symington's description is, however, good enough to bear quotation:

Hearing myself called upon by name, I suddenly woke up, and saw my friend, in front of the tent, beckoning to me in a state of great excitement.

Subterranean noises like thunder were waxing louder and louder; each earth-shock accompanied by a tremor of the ground, more or less violent, but quite unmistakeable. Bells of water in quick succession were rising from the basin and falling again, ever increasing in size, till a large one burst, and then jets of water, in successive spurts, rushed up in sheafs from the tube, at first about 10 feet, then the height was 15, 20, 30, 50 feet, and so on, each effort surpassing the preceding, till it attained the height of 200 feet. The fountain did not fall down between each jet, but, nearly holding the elevation once gained, the whole grew up bodily by a series of jerks each higher than the last. Dense clouds of steam enveloped the whole, and only afforded occasional glimpses of the columns of water from the leeward side. White vapour also spread out above the fountain, rolling away in vast curling volumes, which, condensing in the air, came

down like heavy dew. Tremendous sounds were continually heard, like the roaring of an angry sea, broken in upon by the near discharge of minute guns. It is at last, what we longed to behold, a grand eruption of the great Geyser.

Professor Chadbourne, who came running to the tent to rouse me, had been sleeping for warmth on a ledge immediately under the basin, and when wakened by the loud noise, two streams of boiling water were running down the mound in miniature cascades on either side of him.

The vast body of water from the central pipe continued jetting up, till, as I have said, it attained the height of 200 feet, falling down again into the basin, which was brimful to overflowing. The subterranean rumbling sounds and reports, accompanied with vibration of the ground, were fearful. Jets of water rushed up in sheaf, with a continuous noise, such as would be produced by 500 rockets discharged into the air at the same instant.

Even the beautiful clouds of steam which robed the Geyser were regarded by us with an indescribable feeling of mysterious awe and wonder, as if we had actually discovered the fabled magic vapour, from which the eastern Utret, or any other vision, might arise; while the sharp tinkling clash of the descending water could at times be heard amidst the loud hissing, roaring, booming, and confused babel of all unearthly sounds. The eruptive forces having now expended themselves for the time, the fountain gradually subsided in the same manner, though more speedily than it had risen. The whole terrific spectacle lasted about twenty minutes. We were singularly fortunate, as, from what we were told, few eruptions of late have lasted more than four or five minutes, or attained half the height of this we had just witnessed.

When over, the water subsided and left the basin empty, so that one could walk in it to the edge of the central tube-hole, and look down. As the water thus sank, so great was the heat in the stone that the cup was instantaneously, though bit by bit, left as dry as an oven. Smooth, and of a whitish colour, it resembled the calyx of a gigantic water-lily. At the edges, however, where silica has been deposited from the spray and condensed steam, the surface, although of the same colour, is rough like coral, or rather granulated like the head of a cauliflower. I broke off specimens of this singular formation from the lip, and also obtained bits of shingly lamina from the mound, the latter not unlike the outside of an oyster-shell; on several of the fragments was a deposit of sulphur.

Mr. Symington and his party seem to have celebrated their visit to the Geysers in a manner certainly very novel to persons of convivial habits—they drank four healths in four tumblers of hot Geyser water, one to Longfellow, another to William and Mary Howitt, the third to Dr. Lawrence Edmonston of Shetland, and the fourth to Gisli Brynjulfsson, the Icelandic poet. Let us hope that the warm water did not have the usual effect assigned to it in medical practice, or that, although Mr. Symington has forgotten to mention the circumstance, the water was corrected with something likely (to borrow a phrase from our friend Dr. Protopode) to combat the *cuocitive* power by its tendency to render it *obscure*. At any rate, he tells us that, next morning at breakfast, he "took some brandy and hot water at the Geyser."

On his return to Reykjavik, Mr. Symington enjoyed many opportunities for studying the manners and customs of the Icelanders. Like the inhabitants of Madagascar, they have made a national anthem to the air of our "God Save the Queen." This national anthem breathes the intensest love of country; for the Icelanders offer no exception to operations of that happy law which makes every man love his own country most. With the Icelander the favourite proverb is, that "Iceland is the best land on which the sun shines." Mr. Symington gives both the original and a translation of the national song, of which we need quote only the first and last verses:

Old land of ice,  
Dearly beloved native land,  
Fair maid of the mountains!  
Dear thou shalt be to thy sons  
As long as land is surrounded by sea;  
As men love women;  
Or sun-gleam falls on the hill-side.

Old land of ice,  
Dearly beloved native land,  
Fair maid of the mountains!  
The best luck attend thee  
Ever, we pray,  
As long as shall last  
All the years of the world!

Journalism appears to flourish even in Iceland. There is the *Thiðólfur*, a Reykjavik newspaper, a quarto sheet of eight pages, which gives general news and the proceedings of the Althing, or Parliament, then sitting. It appeared at no fixed or regular time, only when there was matter to fill it. Another paper is published in Reykjavik, called the *Islandingur*, and of these, as specimens of typography, Mr. Symington says that they are, "without exception, the most beautifully-printed newspapers I ever saw anywhere."

There is a great deal about the mountains or jokuls of Iceland, and especially of the volcanic ones. Iceland is a volcanic country, and the electrical phenomena of its storms are apparently very exceptional in character. We do not wonder at the notes of admiration which Mr. Symington has set to certain parts of the following statement:

On the breaking forth of the water a number of people fled for refuge to an insulated mountain called Hafnsey, where they were obliged to stay seven days without either meat or drink, and were exposed to the showers of stones, fire, and water, which fell around them. The lightning, which was very violent during the eruption, penetrated through solid rocks, and killed two people and eleven horses, three of which were in a stable. One of the persons killed was a farmer, whom it struck dead as he left the door of his house. What is remarkable, his upper clothes, which were of wool, bore no marks of fire, but the linen he had under them was burned; and when he was undressed it was found that the skin and flesh of his right side were consumed to the very bone. [!] His maid-servant was struck with the lightning at the same time; and though her clothes were instantly changed, it continued to burn in the pores of her body, and singed the clothes she put on. [!] She died a few days afterwards, having in the meantime suffered inexpressible pain.

This reminds us of a valuable dog who was said to have been killed by lightning. The dog had been left in the charge of servants, and, according to their statement, one of the peculiar effects of the lightning was that the body of the dog began to decompose immediately, and that it was found necessary to bury him before his master could see the body.

Not the least interesting part of this volume is the Appendix, which comprises thirteen stories, illustrative of Icelandic literature, fairy

tales, and specimens of Icelandic poetry. These have been translated by the Rev. Olaf Palsson. One of them will serve for a sample of the quaint and curious legends which lie embalmed in the old Icelandic literature.

## THE DARK SCHOOL.

Long, long ago, when trolls and giants lived among men, there was a famous school where curious youths were taught the mysteries of witchcraft. France and Germany both claim the honour of it, but no one knows where it really was.

It was kept in a dismal cavern, deep underground, into which no ray of sunlight ever entered. Here the scholars had to stay no less than seven winters; for it took them all that time to complete their studies. They never saw their teacher from one year's end to another. Every morning a grey grizzly hand, all covered with hair, pushed itself through the cavern wall, and gave to each one his lesson book. These books were written all over with letters of fire, and could be read with ease, even in the dark. The lessons over, the same grizzly hand again appeared to take away the books and bring in the scholars' dinner.

At the close of winter, the scholars who had then got through their seven years apprenticeship were dismissed. The great iron door was opened, and the master stood watching those who went out; for he had stipulated that the scholar who walked hindmost, in passing through, was to be seized by him and kept as a thrall. But who was this strange schoolmaster? Why, Old Nick himself. No wonder, then, that each of the scholars struggled hard to be first in passing the fatal threshold.

Once on a time, there were three Icelanders at the dark school—Sæmund Frodi, afterwards parish priest at Oddi, Kalfar Arnason, and Halldan Eldjarnsson, afterwards parish priest at Felli, in Slettahlid. They were all dismissed at the same time. Sæmund, to the great delight of his companions, offered to walk hindmost in going out of school, so he dressed himself in a long loose cloak, which he took care to leave unbuttoned, and bidding good-bye to schoolfellows left behind, prepared to follow his countrymen. Just as he was putting his feet on the first step of the stair which led up from the school door, Old Nick, who was watching hard by, made a clutch at the cloak, and called out:

"Sæmund Frodi, pass not the door,  
Thou art my thrall for evermore."

And now the great iron door began to turn on its hinges; but before Old Nick had time to slam it to, Sæmund slipped his arms out of the sleeves of his cloak, and sprung forward out of the grasp of his enemy.

In doing so, the door struck him a heavy blow on the heel, which gave him a good deal of pain, when he said :

"The door hath swung too near the heel.  
But better sore foot than serve the Devil."

And so Sæmund outwitted Old Nick, and got away from the dark school along with his two friends. Since then, it has become a common saying in Iceland, when a person has had a narrow escape from danger, that "the door swung too near his heels."

Mr. Symington suggests that this may be the origin of the Scotch proverb, "the del tak the hindmost." We would suggest, however, that the evidence is rather in favour of a common origin. The Spirit of Evil, as the pursuer, will always capture the laggard in his flight; and in the celebrated chase after "Tam o' Shanter," the poet of Scotland gives us the picture of a race in which the fugitive only won the match by a neck.

## THE ANGLO-SAXON HOME.

*The Anglo-Saxon Home: a History of the Domestic Institutions and Customs of England. From the Fifth to the Eleventh Century.* By JOHN THRUPP. London: Longman and Co. pp. 1862.

THE WRITER OF THIS INTERESTING VOLUME takes a somewhat extended view of the "Anglo-Saxon Home." Not only do his pages treat of sports and pastimes, but they comprehend the state of existence as found in the homes of the Anglo-Saxon noble, priest, monk, nun, and the non-home of the pilgrim. Nor is "private war" overlooked in them; which, we may remark, does not include those domestic squabbles which occasionally derange the peace of even well regulated families, but the right which every Anglo-Saxon freeman enjoyed of personally revenging all injuries offered to himself or his relations, and which, especially if he had Danish blood in his veins, he often cherished as the dearest privilege of his existence.

It is, of course, not to be wondered at that the *ingenitus puer* of England in the present age should be so much more familiar with the domestic life of the Greeks and the Romans than with that of his own ancestors. Unfortunately, no Anglo-Saxon Aristophanes or Plautus survives to initiate us delightfully into the bygone days of merry England. True, we have the poem of Beowulf, which certainly is purely Anglo-Saxon, but which is decidedly a tough nut to crack, and which, when cracked, will not very bountifully recompense the pains of the labourer. Such later authorities as are still in existence Mr. Thrupp seems to have carefully sifted, as well as those modern writers who have endeavoured to faithfully depict Anglo-Saxon life. We may add that his work has been carefully revised by that able antiquary Mr. Thomas Wright.

In glancing at some of the vices and virtues of our ancestors, we shall not attempt to carry out too far the maxim of Wordsworth, that "the child is father to the man." It might, perhaps, give rise to some ingenious and even amusing trifling, to contrast the superstitions and customs ripe a thousand years ago in England with some of those still cherished among us; but this, in a race so mixed as ours, would not be much more useful than the practice of those antiquarians who can construct a whole statue out of a broken hand, or a vast building out of a few feet of ruined wall. When, however, we have such a careful and accurate guide as Mr. Thrupp, it cannot be amiss to spend a few minutes in fancy with our Anglo-Saxon progenitors. We find that these honest gentlemen took quite a scientific view of theft, which was divided into three classes. The theft pure and simple was committed by no more than seven men in a body; the second, which answered in a great measure to *robbery* with us, was committed by

more than seven and not less than thirty-five men; while a gang who plundered in greater numbers than thirty-six had the honour of constituting an "here," or little army. King Edgar was the most dangerous foe that ever sought to tame the energy of these freebooters, and he brought into vogue nose-slitting, blinding, and a variety of methods of maiming, which say nearly as much for his ingenuity as for his determination to put down robbery. Those rascals who had a long purse, however, often contrived to buy the goodwill of their judges, who, in some measure, were encouraged by the law to take bribes. Thus Athelstan required all thanes and reeves who were proved to have accepted bribes to pay a fine, and "bear the disgrace." They were not removed from their offices. Canute fixed the fine at a somewhat higher rate, and removed the offending judge from his post, but expressly allowed him to repurchase it, if he could. Of course, if the judge could only find a freebooter sufficiently rich to pay the piper, it might be well worth his while to offend, if no considerations of honour deterred him. Even the bishops were no great patterns of morality. A curious story is told of a holy prelate named Etheric, who accompanied Canute in one of his progresses, when the King and his Court were royally entertained by a Dane, who was lord of the rich manor of Athelton. The bishop congratulated him upon his prosperity, the numbers of his flocks and herds, and the richness of his many pasturages, giving a hint at the same time to a servant to ply the Dane well with strong drink. Presently the bishop carelessly remarked that he should like to buy just such another estate. The drunken Dane began to scoff, and told the bishop that his manor might be had for forty marks in gold paid before cock-crow. The gold was at once produced, and the Dane's offer accepted. Next day the matter was referred to the king's judges, and they having accepted ten marks in gold from the bishop, decided it against the Dane. The seller stripped the land, however, of all its serfs and cattle, and threw down his castle. The disappointed bishop presented his prize to the monks of Ramsey, who kissed his feet and bathed his knees in tears in admiration of his holy subtlety.

Drunkenness was sadly common among our ancestors, and most especially the Danish branch of them. Some curious ordinances were made against the practice. Thus, a bishop who was *drunk to vomiting*, while administering the Holy Sacrament, was condemned to fast ninety days. Again, one who was so intoxicated while administering it as to drop the sacred elements into the fire or into a river, was required to chant a hundred psalms as a penance; and all bishops who were "constantly and deliberately drunk" were degraded from their office. Of course, the laity were more mildly dealt with, and to get "drunk to vomiting" in honour of Christmas-day, or Easter, or a saint, was even laudable. Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury, who first tried to check drunkenness among the clergy, defined a man as drunk "when his mind is quite changed, his tongue stutters, his eyes are disturbed, he has vertigo in the head, with distension of stomach, following by pain."

Torture before the arrival of the Danes in England was almost unknown as far as regarded prisoners of war; after the Danish invasion it became hideously ingenious; and the Saxons appear to have adopted the customs of "behættie" and "spread eagle" very generally. "Behættie" was a species of scalping—the skilful operator being accustomed to twist off the whole skin and hair of the head at a single wrench. The "spread eagle" was a much more artistic performance. The person to be operated upon was placed upon the ground naked, with his face downwards, and with his arms and legs extended. The operator placed a broad axe between the spine and left shoulder of the victim, in such a manner that at one blow he twisted off and spread out the ribs, so as to look like the wing of an eagle. The right ribs were then wrenched out in a similar manner, and the feat, upon the dexterous execution of which the greatest warriors prided themselves immensely, was complete. It may be added that, before the invasion of the Danes, only two punishments were apparently known, death and scourging. After that era a hideous series of atrocious tortures were in vogue. The Danish invaders treated the women, when they conquered, nearly as badly as the men. Curiously enough, though intelligibly, the Danish conquerors excepted such of the native women as were fair and had light hair and blue eyes, as "demi-wives." Dark-haired and dark-eyed women they alleged to be "like slaves—black and bad"—and they accordingly reduced them to servitude.

Among the Danes and Northmen, the wife had a right to her husband's keys, and might actually, if he refused to give them up, bring an action against him. Under Canute, this privilege was extended to England, and married women acquired a right to have a store-room, chest, and cup-board of their own, of which they kept the key. Mr. Thrupp says:

This right, simple as it seems, suggests an explanation of the most important alterations in the relative position of husband and wife that ever took place. In the earliest times, if the husband stole, *both he and his wife* were liable to be sold into slavery. Alfred the Great relieved the wife from this penalty if she could prove that she had not tasted of the thing stolen and knew not of the theft. But, setting aside the impossibility of proving a negative, the importance which the Anglo-Saxons attached to circumstantial evidence rendered this exemption nugatory; for, when a man was *found in possession* of stolen goods, he was not permitted to deny that he stole them, and if found in the house of a married couple *both* were deemed in possession of them, *both* were considered guilty, and *both* were sold as slaves.

As in this age, marauding expeditions were the ordinary occupation of a gentleman, a wife would naturally be anxious to get rid of any little articles which she knew her lord had not obtained rightfully, and for which she anticipated a

powerful claimant. There was here a potent cause for domestic discord, which shews clearly the incompatibility of the Saxon and Danish laws as to matrimonial rights and responsibilities. When Cnut, therefore, undertook to amalgamate the two codes, he provided that unless stolen goods was found in one of the wife's three lock-ups, she was not to be held liable for the theft; but if they were, she was to be sold into slavery as formerly. He also aided the husband by enacting that no wife should thenceforth forbid her husband to put what he would in his own cottage. This law, which, without a knowledge of its origin, would seem very unaccountable, must have contributed greatly to domestic peace. In the tenth and eleventh centuries, the social position of women had every way improved. In the earliest ages, queens and princesses waited at table on their husbands. In the Brut, as well as in Beowulf, the queen is represented as serving the company; and we find the daughter of Hengist acting as cup-bearer to King Vortigern. In the tenth century, instead of waiting at table, they sat at it, with their husbands and male friends—a privilege hardly ever accorded to the sex in a barbarous country. In a drawing in an Anglo-Saxon manuscript, representing a dinner party, the men and women are depicted as seated alternately, first a gentleman and then a lady, much in our present fashion. It was at a dinner party that Dunstan received from the queen-mother the offer of his bishopric.

Mr. Thrupp gives a brief chapter on the *facetiae* of our ancestors, from which we may readily conclude that they were not a very witty people. We have some of the *bon-mots* of John Scotus Erigena, which are occasionally smart enough. For instance, he was one day sitting opposite Charles the Bold, and behaved himself so rudely that the King propounded to him the riddle, "What is the difference between a Scot and a sot (fool)?" "Only a table," replied Erigena, wittily. We quote a specimen of a rather sorry episcopal witticism:

Wulfstan, Bishop of Worcester, was reproved by Geoffrey, Bishop of Constance, for wearing lamb's wool instead of the fur of sables, beavers, or foxes, as was the custom of ecclesiastics; he replied, "It is very well for you who are a politician and skilled in the tricks of the world to wear the skins of crafty animals, but I, who am an artless man, prefer that of the lamb." The other remarked, "If you object to these furs, you might at least wear cat's skin." "Believe me," replied Wulfstan, "my dear brother, the lamb of God is much oftener lauded in church than the cat of God." This witty (?) answer, we are told, threw the whole company into a fit of laughter, and put Bishop Geoffrey to silence.

Practical jokes were very common among our ancestors, and when a mischievous schoolboy puts a piece of furze to a donkey's tail he is only doing what stout Anglo-Saxon warriors did twelve hundred or a thousand years ago. A still less pleasant conceit was to seize a man, tie his arms behind him, and hang him up in the nearest tree until some passer-by came and cut him down. It was also a common practical joke to cut off the hair of a man and shave him like a slave, or cut it into the shape which usually marked a lunatic. The cream of the joke would, of course, be enhanced, if it could be so managed that the unfortunate wight was actually taken for a slave or a lunatic.

The jokes practised on the female sex were often extremely gross. Thus it was considered fine sport by the more inveterate jokers to seize a virtuous young girl and crop her hair after the fashion prescribed by law to adulteresses. This practice led to many suicides and to furious battles between the relatives of the deceased and the jokers. To take away the clothes of a woman while bathing, or even to stop her on the highway and strip her, were by no means uncommon pleasantries. We conclude our quotations from Mr. Thrupp's volume with a tragical story of that dinner-bone throwing so much in vogue with our Danish ancestors:

In the reign of the Danish king Rollo, a noble named Anger was engaged to be married to Ruta, the king's sister, and gave a grand feast to celebrate his wedding. At this, a small number of persons was pleased to pelt a certain Hjalton with bones. One of them, being clumsy or tipsy, aimed badly, and struck a far-famed warrior of the name of Bjarc, who sat near Hjalton, a most violent blow in the face. At this the jokers set up a loud shout of laughter. Bjarc, enraged by the wound and ridicule, having first sent the bone at the thrower's head, seized him, and wrung his neck so artfully, that he wrenched his chin round to his spine. On this a general riot arose; and, after a furious contest, the bone-throwers were forced out of the hall. The matter did not end here. Anger took mortal offence at the spoiling of his wedding-feast, and the desecration of the sanctity of his table. He challenged Bjarc to "the holmgang." The challenge was accepted, and a most famous duel took place between them, in which, after wonderful exhibitions of prowess on both sides, Anger was killed.

*Deaconesses; or, the Official Help of Women in Parochial Work and in Charitable Institutions.* By the Rev J. S. Howson, D.D., Principal of the Collegiate Institution, Liverpool, &c. (Longman and Co. pp. 258.)—A portion of this essay originally appeared in the *Quarterly Review*, where it attracted very considerable notice. It is now republished with larger additions; and those persons who may wish to learn all that can be said for the employment of women as deaconesses will do well to read Dr. Howson's able and temperate pages. He urges with much force that sisterhoods are peculiarly adapted to two classes of work, namely, the recovery of fallen women, and the nursing of the sick in hospitals. He admits, however, that if sisterhoods have their good points they have also their dangers. Their *esprit de corps* may degenerate into exclusiveness or conventional stiffness. Superstitious notions about celibacy are by no means unlikely to arise. How these and other dangers may be best combated Dr. Howson has attempted to show. While recommending this interesting little work to our readers, we would strongly advise them to peruse in conjunction with it a little volume by Miss Goodman, who was for some time an inmate in Miss Sellon's House of Mercy.

*Modern Metre: a Medium for the Poets of the Day.* (Tallant and Co. 1862. pp. 384.)—A poetical magazine is a novel, if not a good, idea. It will, at least, allow would-be poets a vent for their effusions at a much smaller cost than the publication of a volume would stand them. So far as we have examined *Modern Metre* we have been unable to discover any signs of a nascent poet. *Indifferent* is the verdict which we must pass on the greater portion of its contents; not a little there is, too, that

is positively bad, and but half-a-dozen contributions or so with faint pretensions to be considered pretty. What can we say to the writer of "Losing for Rest," except to advise him or her to do anything but write poetry?

Longing for rest,  
Where all are blest,  
Errors confessed,  
Longing for rest.  
For earthly pain  
Knowing there's gain,  
Roughness made plain,  
Whilst for each stain  
Hope is not vain,  
Where prayer's address,  
Longing for rest.

Waiting that call,  
Summons for all,  
Death may appal;  
But the bereft,  
When mourning left,  
Find the yoke gall,  
With grief oppress,  
Longing for rest.  
Longing for rest,  
Hoping the best,  
Where all are blest,  
Longing for rest.

"Too true" is not less spasmodic—a very faint echo of "The Bridge of Sighs."

Once more a cry  
O'er-fraught with terror,  
Ascends on high,—  
The fruit of error,  
Eve's fallen child  
Has touched—forbidden—  
Again beguiled,  
The sin not hidden;  
So young! so sweet!  
Life's bud just peeping;  
It was not meet  
For where 'tis sleeping,  
Lay it to rest  
With thoughts of sorrow;  
And from its death  
A lesson borrow,—  
The little form  
With care composing,  
On bosom warm  
No more reposing.  
Cold is its breast;  
The tiny fingers  
Together prest,  
A smile yet lingers  
Upon its face,  
As though 'twere greeting  
Th' angelic race  
In happy meeting.  
It knew no sin,  
So softly veil it;  
Our hearts within,  
The crime, bewail it!

O'er dark'ning stream  
She lent her, trembling  
Without a gleam  
Of love dissembling;  
With terror ract  
Her burden casting,  
The murdrous act  
Her mem'ry blasting.  
Consigned to death  
By her who bore it;  
With gasping breath  
From life she tore it:—  
She dared not face  
Her bitter shaming,  
But hid the trace  
Of her defaming.  
With flushing cheek,  
By fever painted,  
With aching brain  
Insanely tainted,  
Upon the bank  
She covered shiv'ring;  
Her mind a blank,  
Her reason quiv'ring.  
That tale again!  
One more deceived,  
With sullying stain  
Her life-thread weaved.  
Draw we the veil,  
Nor pity grudge her;  
We should not rail,  
Nor harshly judge her.

We are afraid *Modern Metre* is, in some sense, "a Balaam box," open to receive contributions that will not satisfy the very moderate exigencies of the magazines.

*The Ranee of Jhansi: a Tale of the Indian Mutiny.* By JAMES CROMAR. (Aberdeen: John Wilson. pp. 55.)—The author of this very unequal, but not uninteresting poem, was a private of the 71st regiment, and served in that capacity through part of both the Crimean and the Indian campaigns. It may serve to give an interest to his little poem if we add that he is now gaining his living by manual labour. His description of the death of the Ranee of Jhansi will serve for a sample of his abilities:

XII.  
Not so the Ranee—she disdains  
All further flight—with gather'd reins  
Bent o'er her charger's arch'd neck,  
Alone amid the battle's wreck,  
Rider and horse erect and still,  
Centaur-like where sloped the hill.  
She waits the shock of the English  
horse.  
Who, with files extended, sweep across  
The heights and hollows, cutting down  
The rebels who had vainly flown.

XIII.  
Bright, bright was the flash of the dark  
queen's eye  
As she watched the foe, as if to deserv  
An arm'n'neath which she might worthily  
die;  
From her turban a tress of her raven hair  
Has escap'd, to float on the morning air,  
Her right arm was bare, and backwards  
flung  
To the hilt of her sword her right hand  
clung;

She whispers her steed, who, roused by her  
voice,  
Bounds o'er the field, like a ball upon ice,  
For she saw the blade of a fierce hussar  
Cleave to the throat a dismounted sowar;  
And on rush'd, her clansman's death to  
avenge,  
To the marksmen, exposed at easy range;  
A random bullet strikes, in full career,  
Her fearless breast, forcing a passage drear  
Through her bold heart; high from her  
saddle leap  
Her frame and quiv'ring limbs, a lifeless  
heap  
Upon the earth, while halts her gallant  
steed,  
Turns snorting round to see his mistress  
bleed,  
Snuffs with keen nostril her unanswering  
face,  
And madly flees with wild, dread neigh,  
the place  
O'er hill and dale amid the charging foe,  
Far glanc'd his iron flank and mane o  
snow.

*Predictions Realised in Modern Times.* Now first collected by HORACE WELBY. (Kent and Co. 1862.)—This is an odd but attractive little volume compiled by the editor, after the fashion of Mr. Timbs, from various and often little known sources. Few passages in literature, which can be pressed into the service, seem to have escaped the search of the reader, from the almanacs of Lilly the astrologer to the "Great Tribulation" of Dr. Cumming. Zadkiel's Almanac in connection with the death of the late Prince Consort is thus noticed:

In the present day we have the "Prophetic Messenger of the Nineteenth Century," by Raphael; and "Zadkiel's Almanac," in its thirty-second year. In that for 1861, occurs the following: "The full moon nearest to the ingress of the sun in Aries is 2b. 15m. p.m. 26th March, 1861. This lunation is remarkable, because the same sign ascends at the ingress, and at very nearly the same degree. . . . The stationary position of Saturn in the third degree of Virgo in May, following upon this lunation, will be very evil for all persons born upon or near the 26th August; among the sufferers I regret to see the worthy Prince Consort of these realms. Let such persons pay scrupulous attention to health." Now, the Prince Consort was in perfect health throughout May; but on December 14 following, the Prince died of typhoid fever, at Windsor Castle. This, of course, was not a fulfilment; but, as an approximation, it caused a great demand for the Almanac for 1861 and 1862.

The volume is full of amusing reading, and from its necessary discursive ness may be taken up and laid aside by the reader at a moment's notice. We do not remember to have hitherto read of the following instance of popular credulity:

As a proof how readily the most preposterous notions are swallowed, when once they have got vogue, we may mention that at the village of Kitteringham,

in Norfolk, ten years ago, the people were thrown into a painful state of excitement by the report that they seriously believed, that the Queen had ordered all their children below two years old to be killed, in order to make a bath of blood for the Prince of Wales, "because he hadn't his right know." And, almost within the same space of time, in some parts of the metropolis, a report and belief were ripe—that her Majesty had threatened to commit one of her royal relatives to the Tower, for recusancy to her royal will and pleasure!

We have also received: A second edition of *A Noble Purpose Nobly Won: an Old, Old Story*. By the Author of "Mary Powell." (Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co.)—Nichols's Series of Standard Divines. *Puritan Period: The Works of Richard Sibbes, D.D.* Vol. I. Edited, with Memoir, by the Rev. Alexander Balloch Grosart. (Edinburgh: James Nichol, London: James Nisbet and Co.)—*Experimental Investigation of the Laws which Govern the Propagation of the Electric Current in Long Submarine Telegraph Cables*, conducted for the Joint Committee appointed by the Lords of the Committee of Privy Council for Trade and the Atlantic Tele-

graph Company. By Latimer Clarke. (Eyre and Spottiswoode.)—*Threepenny Guide to the Pictures at the International Exhibition*. By Clarus. (G. Vickers.)—Tracts for Priests and People. Supplementary Number to the Second Series: Nonconformity in the Seventeenth and in the Nineteenth Century. (Macmillan and Co.)—*Reformatio Fidei Confessio. Opera C. A. M. Editio altera.* (Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt.)—*Letter to Napoleon III. on Slavery in the Southern States.* By a Creole of Louisiana. (W. S. Kirkland and Co.)—The Poor Clergy Relief Society. Fifth Report. (W. S. Johnson and Co.)—The Products and Resources of Tasmania, as Illustrated in the International Exhibition of 1862. Second edition enlarged. By George Whiting. (Hobart Town: printed at the Daily Advertiser Press.)—Examples of London and Provincial Architecture of the Victorian Age. (Darton and Lodge.)—Descriptive Catalogue of the Collection of Products and Manufactures contributed by the Colony of Western Australia to the International Exhibition of 1862. (Published by the London Commissioners, 2, Church-court, Clement's-lane.)

## EDUCATION, THE DRAMA, MUSIC, ART, SCIENCE, &c.

### EDUCATION.

**M**R. W. BERKLEY, whose election to an open Fellowship at Trinity College, Oxford, has just been announced, was educated at the Islington Proprietary School. It is worthy of remark, that out of the four Classical Fellowships which have been awarded at Oxford during the present year, two have been carried off by late pupils of the Islington Proprietary School.

The Public School Commissioners visited the Charterhouse School on Monday last, and had a general meeting yesterday at their office in Victoria-street, Westminster. Present—the Earl of Clarendon, the Earl of Devon, the Lord Lyttelton, Rev. Professor W. H. Thompson, H. Halford Vaughan, Esq., and the secretary.

*Oxford.*—In a Convocation held on Friday afternoon, the 13th inst., the form of statute assigning a stipend of 100*l.* a year to the private secretary of the present Chancellor of the University was approved of by the House.

In a Congregation held immediately afterwards, the statute for altering the time of the summer terms and lessening the Whitsuntide vacation was passed, on a division, the numbers being: "placets," 59; "non-placets," 44. The effect of the statute will be that two terms might be kept between Easter and Midsummer; either, as now, by residing twenty-one days in each, or by residing forty-eight days in Easter and Trinity Terms jointly.

In the same Congregation, the proposal to add the name of the late Mr. J. W. Hope to the list of university benefactors was approved of.

At the same time a form of statute was promulgated respecting a teacher of Indian jurisprudence. It is proposed that the teacher shall be appointed annually by the Vice-Chancellor and Proctors conjointly; that he shall be required to lecture twice a-week during eight weeks, or three times a-week during six weeks in each term, and also to set questions to his pupils, and correct their answers; that he shall receive a stipend of 200*l.* a-year; and that he shall be allowed to take, as fees from his pupils, 5*l.* for the first term, and the same sum for a second term, after which they may attend him gratis.

The Gaisford prizes have been awarded as follows: Greek Prose, Mr. C. J. Pearson, Corpus; Greek Verse, Mr. R. W. Raper, Trinity; *Proxime accessit*, Mr. K. M. Chatfield, Corpus. The subjects selected for the ensuing year are: 1. For Homeric hexameters, Milton's "Paradise Lost," vi., 824-877, "So spake the Son" to "woe and pain." 2. For prose in the style of Herodotus, "Narrat Marco Polo Venetus que viderit apud Seres et Indos."

*Cambridge.*—A Congregation was held on Saturday morning, the 14th inst., when the incepting B.A.'s were admitted to their degrees. Degrees of Master of Arts and of Bachelor of Laws were also conferred.

The undermentioned gentlemen were on Tuesday, after competitive examination, elected minor scholars of Trinity College: Thomas Steadman Aldis, from City of London School; Alfred Lewis Galabian, Marlborough College; Carlton Greene, Bury St. Edmund's School; Alfred Edward Humphreys, Birmingham; James Stuart, University of St. Andrews; Francis C. Turner, private tuition. The following are recommended for honourable mention: Attwell Baylay, from Cheltenham College; Arthur John Butler, Eton College; William Parry Crawley, Marlborough; Henry Ernest Fanshawe, Repton School.

The undermentioned were on Monday elected foundation and minor scholars of Downing College:—Foundation: Danby, Darnell, D. C., Morris, and Payne. Minor Scholar: Darnell, H. A.

### MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

**H**ER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The resuscitation of "Roberto il Diavolo," on Saturday, after a slumber of eight years, produced a feeling of interest in the public mind akin to the introduction of an entirely new work. The cast of principals, though unusually strong, was naturally suggestive of contrasts. It does not, in fact, require a very retentive memory to call up startling scenes associated with the opera when it was presented to the English nation for the first time in an Italian vestment; when, too, it was chosen for the advent of Jenny Lind as *Alice*, and when Castellan, already a favourite, assumed the character of *Isabella*; when, moreover, it had Staudigl for its *Bertram*, Fraschini for *Roberto*, Gardoni to represent *Rambaldo*, and even the tiny part of the priest, who has less than half-a-dozen bars to sing, was filled by no less

eminent a singer than Bouche. This really proved to be a period of musical excitement: all the town were, in fact, frenzied with desire to witness the career of whom report had exhausted itself in panegyric, and whom calm and deliberate examiners had declared to be without a rival. Coexistent with the rising of the curtain at that time might be witnessed the presence of two queens and nearly all the nobility in London. Capacity and intelligence of no ordinary degree were also congregated to welcome and pass judgment also upon the interesting visitant. Without gliding, however, insensibly into the particulars of that memorable event, it may not be a misconception of truth to say that Meyerbeer's four-act opera has rarely, if ever, been subsequently given in this country with such decided effect. Much has been written and said about the moral of a story to which the exquisite music of Meyerbeer has been wedded. The hero, from the wild imaginations of the Troubadours, is made to be son of Richard, Duke of Normandy, who, according to a legend of Uberto, in despair at being without a successor, made a vow to the Devil that if he granted him a son, he should be given over to his power. A year afterwards, in the midst of the most horrible presages, was born that Robert, who, by his character and the crimes of which he showed himself capable from his very infancy, obtained the surname of the "Devil." A romance entitled "The Life of the terrible Robert the Devil, who afterwards became a godly man," published in France in the early part of the sixteenth century, was the source whence MM. Bonilly and Dumersan took the subject of a vaudeville, performed in 1813 under the title of "Robert le Diable." Hence, also, MM. Scribe and Delavigne, obtained the idea of the present celebrated subject. The time in which the plot of the opera in question is laid, is that in which Robert, having been banished by his father on account of his crimes, had taken refuge in Sicily, whither he had been induced to go, not only on account of his delighting in single combat, and in which he had acquired so much fame at the tournaments of the day, but also from the love he had conceived for the daughter of the king of that island. An evil genius, represented by Bertram, an intimate friend of the youthful Robert, who sought him out like an evil spirit, and who, in pursuance of an execrable vow he had made to the father of Robert, endeavoured by every means in his power to bring about the son's destruction, in whose soul every sentiment of virtue was not as yet wholly extinguished. Taking advantage of this, a good genius, represented by Alice, a country girl of Normandy, and foster-sister of Robert, succeeded so well by her counsel and her acts, as to save him from the power—limited as it was to a time—of the evil genius, and assisted in bringing about the much desired nuptials with the Sicilian princess; while, from a wild and headstrong youth, he became a wise and virtuous prince.

The music assigned to *Roberto* (Sig. Armandi) is not only very difficult, but ungrateful; the hero for the most part in every stage of the opera is but a foil to the other personages. Now to *Alice* (Mlle. Tietjens), then to *Bertram* (Sig. Vialetti), anon to *Isabella* (Mlle. Carlotta Marchisio), and in turn to the *prima ballerina* who represents the resuscitated Abbess. Few tenor singers have triumphed completely over a part which either by design or misadventure the composer has rendered so subordinate to the rest, while in length it exceeds any one of them. Sig. Armandi is, however, deserving of credit for good intentions. In the unaccompanied trio with *Bertram* and *Alice*, and in the last grand trio, where "sensation" chances present themselves, every advantage of position was at once seized and turned to the best account. The *Alice* of Mlle. Tietjens may be described as a highly finished picture of Meyerbeer's peasant heroine. Considered either in a vocal or histrionic sense, it may challenge rivalry. Not a single point escapes her. With a voice of such power and resonance as this gifted prima donna possesses, the music of the part assigned her is sung costless of effort. In the first air (sc. 4, act i.), "Vanne disse," where the peasant girl reveals to *Roberto* his mother's last bequest—in the beautiful air, "Nel lasciar la Normandia"—in the subsequent duet with *Bertram*, the unaccompanied trio which follows, and the grand trio of the last act, where *Alice*, the good, triumphs over *Bertram*, the genius of evil, and rescues the devoted Duke from perdition—Mlle. Tietjens was earnest, painstaking, and correct, and declared herself fully equal to her allotted task. Marchisio sang the sweet music of the Princess, *Isabella*, with all the witchery of her melting tones. As far as the character of *Bertram*—so essentially nondescript—can be rendered human and sympathetic, Sig. Vialetti strove to make it so. Mlle. Morlacchi contributed her mite towards a large success by her impersonation of the wicked Abbess of the nuns of Rosalie. Although the performance as a whole may be voted slow, the audience felt so disposed to sit it out that the fingers of the clock dial divided the small hours of one and two as the shout of "Gloria immortal" began to die away into silence. This fact is, perhaps, a better criticism than any we have attempted to offer.

QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER-SQUARE.—The materials comprising Monday's programme differed so slightly in character from those of antecedent dates, and to which a large share of public attention has been drawn, that minute investigation of them is not at present necessary. Take, for instance, the leading item, Mendelssohn's symphony in A major. What can now be advanced respecting it beyond the echo of many a well-deserved eulogy? On precisely the same footing stands Beethoven's symphony in D, and Spohr's overture to "Jessonda;" and these were the only selections for testing the full powers of the orchestra. Beethoven's concerto concertante for violin, violoncello, and pianoforte, which wound up the first portion of the entertainment, is, however, so seldom heard, and is withal a composition of such peculiar merit, that it commanded very close attention, and elicited no inconsiderable applause. Herr Joachim, Sig. Piatti, and Mr. Cusins, were the prominent executants, and they achieved their task to the satisfaction of the severely critical portion of the auditory. Mlle. Tietjens was the only vocalist—and no other was needed. The notable scena from "Der Frieschütz," "Wie nacht mir der Schlummer," had, indeed, in her a rare interpreter. Nor were the charming air, "Deh vieni, non tardar," and the recit preceding, less effectively treated. Sig. Piatti played a concerto of his own composing. The Hanover-square Rooms exhibited as usual a crowded and highly fashionable auditory. Dr. Bennett conducted this, the seventh concert of the series, with his accustomed ability. We observe that the crowning or jubilee meeting, in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Philharmonic Society, is arranged to take place at St. James's-hall, on the 14th proximo, and the probability is, that something unusually rich and rare will be provided to mark an occasion so special.

MR. CHARLES SALAMAN'S CONCERT at the same place, on Tuesday evening, is noteworthy for the novelty of the programme. Among the pieces in it, with which the public are familiar, may be cited Mendelssohn's concerto for violin, played by Herr Laub, and accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. Salaman. Bach's chaconne in D minor, performed by Mr. Alfred Holmes, and a larghetto movement, for two violins, by the Brothers Holmes, taken from the tenth duet of Spohr, claimed, as they deserved, the most marked attention. Some of Mr. Salaman's own vocal and instrumental works were introduced, with Mlle. Parepa, Herr Reichardt, Mr. Santley, and others of distinction, to illustrate them. The rooms were very well attended, and the concert, judging from outward and visible signs, appeared to give general satisfaction.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—If we except a quartet of Beethoven's in B flat major, and Mozart's sonata in D, for pianoforte alone, little scope was afforded by the Monday Popular programme of the 16th inst. for remark. Three singers were provided for the occasion, and although one of the trio was Mr. Sims Reeves, the spirit of enthusiasm among a crowded and fashionable company seemed to be all but extinct. Mr. Reeves is undoubtedly a first-rate tenor singer, and generally creates a sensation when he has good music to sing; but he is no alchemist. Mme. Sainton-Dolby and Mr. Santley are engaged to do the vocal work at the next concert, which is to be for the benefit of Herr Ernst. The quartet of this renowned violinist will be played for the first time in England. Mark the executants who have proffered their services: 1st violin, Herr Joachim; 2nd, Herr Laub; viola, Herr Molique; violoncello, Sig. Piatti. Herr Joachim has also undertaken to play, as a solo, Ernst's "Elegie." Mr. Benedict or Mr. Charles Hallé will assist him with the pianoforte accompaniment. Already great sympathy has been expressed for the sufferings of Herr Ernst—a sympathy, it is to be hoped, that will yet be evinced in a more convincing form.

THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION.—The last concert of the sixth season, which took place on the 13th inst., went very far ahead of those which have preceded it. Not only had the executive summoned a strong array of vocalists in the sense numerical, but among them might be found some of the greatest singers of the day. Who, three years ago, would have dreamt of seeing the names of Mlle. Tietjens, Mlle. Trebelli, Sig. Gassier, Sig. Naudin, &c., in the programme of the Vocal Association. It is hardly necessary to state that the music selected by these operatic artistes savoured of the stage. This was purposed, in order to afford parties who are not frequenters of the opera, a fair chance of hearing some of the choice music of Verdi and other composers of the operatic school. One of the most decided hits of the evening was made by Mlle. Leibhart, in a Suabian song and an Hungarian national air of Kücken. The humour thrown into these by the new comer created an applause, heartier than anything of the kind that we have witnessed for many a day. Mlle. Leibhart is a singer of immense value to concert givers who advocate long programmes, as she possesses, in a musical sense, the faculty of leavening lead. Mr. R. F. Abbot, a member of the Vocal Association, sang the "Rose softly blooming," of Spohr, admirably, and the choir wound up the meeting and the season, with a good reading of Mendelssohn's "departure" part song, "O, hills! O, vale!"

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—It seems but yesterday when these New Philharmonic Concerts were first started. We are, however, fully reminded that they have been carried on for eleven years, and that on Wednesday evening the last of the present season took place. St. James's Hall, was, as usual, comfortably full, and the concert proved to be, in all respects, a most admirable one. Cherubini's rarely-heard overture, "Elise," the Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven, and Mendelssohn's overture, "Ruy Blas," need but to be cited to show the character of the instrumental selection. Mlle. Trebelli was the vocalist, and was encored in all she essayed. In short, the general performance was highly satisfactory to the audience, and it could hardly be otherwise with Dr. Wynde, the conductor, on whose shoulders the task of maintaining the good name these Philharmonics have acquired, has almost solely devolved.

A Morning Concert, in aid of schools in Italy, was given on Wednesday. Almost all the great singers in town gave their services on the occasion. Mme. Lind-Goldschmidt sang the "Cara compagnie" from "Sonnambula." Tietjens selected the great aria from "Der Frieschütz." Giuglini made choice of "M'appari," from "Martha." Mr. Sims Reeves took part in a duet with Tietjens; the Sisters Marchisio were, as usual, very effective in their duo singing. Nearly all the vocalists attached to

Her Majesty's Theatre had something assigned to them in the programme. To sum up the story, it was a concert of a most extraordinary character.

Rather than exhaust the patience of the unmusical reader, recourse must again be had to clustering a few "notes" out of the many that have been sounded during the week. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bohrer's morning concert at the Hanover-square Rooms was well attended by admirers of the harp, on which instrument the lady is able to execute difficult and beautiful music. Mr. Bohrer's pianoforte playing is also entitled to the favour with which it was received. Miss Fosbroke's concert at the same place had more of the vocal element in it. The singers were numerically strong, and much of the music chosen belonged to the popular class. The part-singing was especially good. Herr Duffel's matinée of classical chamber music, at Collard's Rooms, possessed several noteworthy and interesting points. The classical chamber music selected for Mrs. Holman Andrew's matinée was performed by MM. Blagrove, Clementi, Daubert, and Klindworth. We need not say how. At the Musical Union on Tuesday, at St. James's Hall, N. Rubenstein, the Russian pianist, proved to be a "card," notwithstanding the attempts of certain interested journalists to write him down, when in London two years since. A quartet of Haydn, and the celebrated B minor of Mendelssohn and Mozart's G minor were the chief selections for the exquisite string band engaged on the occasion. Madame Sainton-Dolby's evening concert at the same place included a wide range of music, and embraced several artistes of great eminence, both in the vocal and instrumental departments of the art. This concert was also remarkable for the first (and said to be the only) appearance of Le Société Chorale Clemence Isaure (de Toulouse) under the direction of M. Baudouin. At Exeter Hall, the National Choral Society, under Mr. Martin, as conductor, gave their promised performance of "Elijah" on Wednesday evening, with Miss Eleanor Wilkinson, Mme. Laura Baxter, Mr. Swift, and Mr. Weiss, as principals. M. Thalberg has been doing the marvellous again at the Hanover-square Rooms to a very brilliant company. The three pieces from the "Pensees Musicales," although comparative trifles, are full of charm and served as an admirable set off to some of the more profound and awe-inspiring portions of the programme. The better-known quartet founded on an air from "Mose," gained for M. Thalberg immense applause. In short the entire performance can scarcely be likened to any thing with which a London public are familiar. Speaking of pianoforte playing we are reminded of Mr. Charles Hallé's Beethoven recitals, which appear to increase in favour, if the last given may be regarded as a criterion. The sonatas, Op. 29; the celebrated andante of Op. 35, thirty-three variations on an original theme; and the grand sonata, Op. 35, dedicated to Count Waldstein—were among the items forming the programme. Mme. Dugden's soirée musicale, at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley-street, though remarkable for nothing in particular, afforded abundant gratification to a company caring less for music of the profound school than that of more easy comprehension. Altogether different in character and kind was the concert of Herr Bernard Molique, a musician of uncommon attainments, but who somehow is sadly overlooked. His daughter, a pianist of real talent, assisted by Herr Joachim, played, among other things, a duo concertante in E minor, the composition of the *bénéficiare*, which gave abundant evidence of skill on the part of all concerned. These "notes" might be elongated to an almost indefinite extent, so over head and ears is London just now with the business appertaining to the stir and din of sweet sounds. Want of space, however, suggests the policy of a pause.

#### CONCERTS FIXED FOR JUNE.

MONDAY, 23.....	St. James's Hall.—Monday Popular. 8. Crystal Palace.—Handel Festival.
TUESDAY, 24 .....	St. James's Hall.—Musical Union. 3.30. Collard's Rooms.—Mr. Aptommas's Harp Recital. 3.
	Dudley House, Park-lane.—Mrs. Merest's Grand Morning. 2.30.
WEDNESDAY, 25.....	Crystal Palace.—Handel Festival.
THURSDAY, 26.....	St. James's Hall.—Herr Kuhe. 3. Londoner square.—Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir. 8.30. Hanover-square.—Mr. Arthur Napoleon's Grand Morning. 2.30. Miss Lizzie Wilson's Annual. 7.30.
	Crystal Palace.—Handel Festival.
FRIDAY, 27 .....	St. James's Hall.—Mr. Charles Hallé's Sixth Beethoven Recital. 3.
SATURDAY, 28.....	St. James's Hall.—Mr. Thalberg's Third Matinée. 2.30.
MONDAY, 30.....	St. James's Hall.—Mr. Benedict's Annual. 2. St. James's Hall.—Monday Popular. 8. Hanover-square.—Philharmonic Society. 8.

#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

THE ATTENTION OF THE THEATRICAL WORLD has been attracted this week by a curious drama which has been played in the Court of Chancery, between Messrs. Boucicault and Webster. For its probable results this piece might be called "The Double Suicide." The facts appear to be these. After the success of the "Colleen Bawn," Mr. Webster was induced to enter into an agreement with Mr. Boucicault, by virtue of which he assigned to the latter the management and control of the Adelphi Theatre, upon certain terms stated. This agreement was to last for three years, two of which are yet unexpired. A short time back, Mr. Webster, being dissatisfied with Mr. Boucicault's management, caused certain announcements to be made as to future performances. Mr. Boucicault repudiated these announcements. At the same time, Mr. Boucicault took Drury Lane Theatre for his own occupation and announced "The Colleen Bawn" to be played there. Thus, according to Mr. Boucicault's reading of the agreement, Mr. Webster was to have no voice in the management of his own theatre, and Mr. Boucicault (instead of using his best means and energies to promote the prosperity of the Adelphi), is at perfect liberty to carry to another theatre the very attractions for which Mr. Webster has sacrificed his managerial liberty. This, however, was not the view taken by the Vice-Chancellor, whose decision has the effect of leaving the original agreement to work out its own stultification. A commendable attempt to bring about a compromise having failed upon some minor question as to the engagement of two young ladies, the Vice-Chancellor refused to prevent Mr. Boucicault from going to Drury Lane, or to obstruct Mr. Webster from managing his own theatre. Each party has to pay his own costs.

The first general meeting of the shareholders of the English Opera Association was held on Wednesday, in the large room at the St. James's Hall. In the absence of the Earl of Westmoreland, Colonel P. P. de Bathe took the chair. The secretary (Mr. Cawood) read the notice convening the meeting, and also the report of the Executive committee. The chairman moved the adoption of the report, which was seconded by Mr. Chandos Wren Hoskyns, and carried unanimously. The committee for the ensuing year was elected, and the accounts audited.

A comparison between the musical force employed at the International Exhibition opening on the 1st of May, and that of the forthcoming Handel Festival, may not be without interest at the present moment. Before, however, entering upon this comparison, it is worth while to notice the occasions on which very large orchestras have been assembled of late years, and the advance which has been made. Neither at the opening of the 1851 International Exhibition, nor at any of the Musical Festivals held up to that time, had a larger musical force been engaged than is now a matter of every-day occurrence at the concerts of the Sacred Harmonic Society. The first occasion on which a great advance was made, was at the opening of the Crystal Palace, on 10th June, 1854, when about 1600 amateurs and professors were employed, including thirty double basses. The novelty of this large assemblage excited great interest; and as the music was confined to the measured strains of the Old Hundredth Psalm, "God Save the Queen," and the Hallelujah Chorus, its effect was very striking. The Paris Exhibition, in 1855, was opened with considerable parade. The music, however, utterly failed. The closing ceremony of the Exhibition (the distribution of medals) was one of the most imposing ceremonials of modern times. Great efforts had been made to render the music a striking adjunct to the rest of the ceremony; but, notwithstanding upwards of 1200 musicians were employed, no effect was produced. The orchestra was placed in an elevated, straight gallery, and the music selected was utterly unfit for such an occasion. At the Dublin Exhibition opening, in 1853, a very good musical display took place. A proper orchestra had been built, and on the whole the musical part of the proceedings, although somewhat lengthy, was very successful. The Handel Festivals of 1857 and 1859 were so similar in their purpose to the coming festival, that more particular allusion to them is not needed; it must suffice briefly to allude to their orchestral arrangements. In 1857 the orchestra held about 2500 performers. It was entirely open at the sides and back, consequently a large portion of the sound warded away and was lost. In 1859 the orchestra was enlarged considerably, and enclosed to a height of fifteen feet, while over it was suspended an oiled canvas awning, which it was anticipated would remedy the defects so apparent in 1857. This anticipation, from causes not necessary here to enter upon, was only partially realised; the music of Handel at the Commemoration Festival, therefore, although far beyond any previous attempt, did not, even yet, produce that overpowering effect of which it was believed to be capable. It then became apparent that to effect all that was requisite to place these great festivals, with their large profits, as a permanent success at the Crystal Palace, the great orchestra must be roofed over. Bearing in mind the construction of the Crystal Palace, this became a task requiring the most serious consideration. Many were the suggestions thereon. Without entering upon a technical description of the great roof—a duty more properly belonging to journals especially devoted to building operations—which has recently been thrown over the orchestra, it will suffice to say, that it has been accomplished most successfully, as well in regard to musical results as to the manner of its construction and its perfect security. No additional weight has been imposed on the building itself, as the roof is entirely supported independently of the original structure. In truth, it is alleged by the many scientific men, and architects, and engineers, who have inspected the work, that it has added enormously to the solidity and security of the great arched roof of the main building; and it has been stated that this, coupled with the additional iron columns which have lately been added to the front of the centre transept, has added to the present structure eight times the strength of the original Crystal Palace transept. The want of a proper sounding-board, like this new roof of the Crystal Palace orchestra, was very manifest at the opening of the International Exhibition on the 1st of May last. The number of musicians was only inferior to that engaged at the Handel Festivals. The effect, however, was exceedingly small compared with the strength employed. In the coming Handel Festival, the amateurs and professors engaged will, for the first time, have a properly-prepared orchestra for the exercise of their musical abilities; and there is no doubt that the effect will be overpoweringly grand. Public curiosity is excited to an unusual degree to learn what the musical impressions will be of this great orchestral force under such favourable conditions. Among those best qualified to judge, there is but one anticipation; and, bearing in mind the care which has been taken in the selection of the performers, the regular and systematic rehearsal to which all have been subjected, there can be no question that the musical results of the coming Festival will show a success far beyond any that have preceded it.

#### ART AND ARTISTS.

##### SCULPTURE AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE ACADEMICIAN SCULPTORS give very little signs of their existence even in the sculpture gallery of the Exhibition in Trafalgar-square. Mr. E. H. Baily is fairly exempt as a veteran on the retired list, reposing on the honours of his Eve at the Fountain. Mr. Westmacott exhibits no work, Mr. Foley exhibits none, Mr. Macdowell is also idle; but Mr. Marshall alone comes out with a large group which we shall speak of critically. Of the Associates, Mr. Weeks exhibits a bust—a posthumous study—and a model of a design for the Guards' Memorial—one of the prizes that fell to Mr. Bell, and therefore we can hardly see the purpose of exhibiting this model, unless as a proof that another exceedingly poor monument might have occupied the noble site in Waterloo-place which for some years past has been given up for a sculptor's experiments in

constructing monuments and devising strange trophies and queer inscriptions. Baron Marochetti, our Italian Associate, appears to be more cautious how he displays his designs for monuments at the Academy, these he prefers to lay out on favoured ground, such as the gardens of Apsley House or the Horticultural Gardens, and sends his busts only to the ranks of the Academy, already far too crowded with these hard-featured effigies. Now the sculptors of the Academy will not like to be told that they neglect their art, yet it is clear from the present exhibition, and from those of some years past, that this is the truth, and we suspect that such an unfortunate state of things arises from sculptors having too much to do.

There is and has been such a rage for portrait-busts and statues of every body in the least degree popular or in the highest degree celebrated, that the art for its own sake has lost its interest with the sculptors. If we turn to the International Exhibition it is to see that, with the exception of the American sculptors, there is no work to be compared with those which marked the excellence of the art ten years ago; indeed, there is no great example of ideal sculpture from any European artist. At first sight it might be supposed that when every town in the kingdom of any position, and many of no importance at all, were offering their money for monuments of the late Prince Consort, and when the metropolis is about to expend the general subscription of the country upon some monument of unprecedented magnificence, the sculpture-room of the Academy would at least show some of the designs or some evidence that the art was at a height parallel with the public ambition to have grand monuments of great men. But with the single exception of Mr. Durham's figure of "Europe"—one of four for his monument of the 1851 Exhibition, and which is really a good work—the room is barren of designs. There is, however, Mr. Stephen's statue of Sir T. D. Acland, a solitary example of the respectable commonplace, with which no particular fault can be found, only we wish, for the sake of art, that exemplary country gentlemen could be remembered in the hearts of their friends and neighbours, without the necessity of a statue. The great misfortune of the monument mania is that the men of true genius rarely condescend to contemplate contemporary greatness; they must dream over the heathen deities and treat modern subjects with classic taste, as it is called. Thus it is that most of the monuments are in the hands of sculptors of a certain practical ability and tact without the genius and the independence of thought which are indispensable to original and creative practice of the art. In Mr. Marshall's group, "The Young Briton" (996), the sculptor makes a compromise between the classic of the antique forms and the picturesque of modern treatment. The mother, who is supposed to be investing her son with his father's torque, and reminding him of the valiant deeds of his race, is a sort of modified Minerva. The type is not Celtic, neither is there any attempt to carry the subject out truthfully, in costume or other accessories, as a sculptor in the realistic vein would adopt. And yet there is an evident determination to show that the artist has a feeling for the antique, and knows his grammar of sculpture according to the schools. Then, as to the *technique* of the group. In aiming at the breadth of the antique the sculptor finds an excuse for shirking the study of detail in the modelling. The action of the figures, not to object to the constrained and inexpressive composition of the group, is lifeless, not modelled from the mind, but studied deliberately from the fatigued and stupid model. The subject was one admirably adapted to the naturalistic treatment, and we submit it would always be better if sculptors would drop the grand ideal when they don't feel equal to it, and favour us with something natural and true. It is not that the antique was not natural and true—it was—but the secret of its excellence is that the sculptor believed in his work. To him it was natural and true. He was not forcing himself to copy a style. We may point to a work in the International which exemplifies our meaning. The girl reading—"La Leggetrice," by Pietro Magni, a sculptor of Florence, not of the *haut école* certainly, an expert carver, who devoted himself to the study of the natural figure in the minutest and most faithful manner, without a thought of being grand—is a work which it is impossible to look upon without being impressed with the power of everything done from nature, with the freedom and power that knowledge gives, and with the true feeling for all that is beautiful. The grand style remains for those who can do it, and they are few indeed in our day.

There are, however, some few excellent examples of portrait sculpture in the exhibition, particularly the heads of the two sculptors, Gibson and Macdowell, the latter by Mr. Woodington, and the other by Mr. G. E. Ewing. The bust of Mr. H. White (1027), by Mr. Durham, is also remarkable for delicate and pliant carving of the features. Mr. Butler's bust of Sir R. Kirby (1030) is another noticeable work, and that of General Lord Clyde, by Mr. Ewing, is an admirable likeness, modelled with a strong feeling for the energetic character of the great soldier, with much of the style of some of the best Roman busts of the time of Hadrian. Baron Marochetti perseveres in his experiments of colouring the pupil of the eyes, and the general tinting of his work, which we sincerely trust may speedily be abandoned as bad taste. A word of praise is due to Mr. Armstead's capital bas-reliefs for metal work, which are shown in a set of six subjects from the Indian campaign, to form a shield to be presented to Sir James Outram in memory of his Indian services.

THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL of the Royal Institute of British Architects have issued cards for a *conversazione*, to take place at the Society's Rooms, in Conduit-street, Hanover-square, on Wednesday evening next, the 25th inst.

The second and third *conversazioni* of the Society of Arts for the present season will be held at the South Kensington Museum, on the 9th of July and the 8th of October.

The Female School of Art and Design is still in want of the necessary funds to enable them to purchase the house at present occupied, and make certain alterations required. A meeting to promote the objects of the Institution was held at the Mansion House on Tuesday, under the Lord Mayor's presidency. For this purpose some 3500*l.* altogether is required, towards which sum a considerable portion is already in hand,

though the meeting was not informed of the amount still required to complete the fund. It was stated that the income from fees and subscriptions amounts to 400*l.* per annum, but the annual expenditure is 600*l.* It is expected that by enlarging the premises, more pupils might be accommodated, and thus the income be increased.

The One Hundred and Eighth Anniversary Dinner of the Society of Arts will take place in the Refreshment Room over the Central Entrance from the International Exhibition Building to the Horticultural Gardens, on Tuesday next, the 24th inst., at half-past five for six o'clock punctually. The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., will preside.

It will be remembered that some three years ago the remains of that celebrated surgeon and physiologist, John Hunter, were discovered by Mr. F. T. Buckland (Assistant-Surgeon 2nd Life Guards) in the vaults of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Charing-cross, and were reinterred with great solemnity in Westminster Abbey. At that time a subscription was commenced for the purpose of erecting a statue to John Hunter in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's-inn-fields, the museum of which he was the originator and founder; and the commission for this work was given to Mr. Weekes, the sculptor. This gentleman has now finished his model of the statue, and on Tuesday last we were present at a private view of the statue (in plaster) placed in the position it will hereafter occupy when made in marble. We congratulate Mr. Weekes on his success. He has made a capital likeness of John Hunter; the pose is perfect, the expression of the face excellent. The great surgeon is represented sitting in his chair, apparently absorbed in developing one of those grand theories of the laws of life, which have since proved of such vast benefit to mankind. The difficulty of drapery has been cleverly managed, for we see the great man dressed in the costume worn at the period. The knee-breeches, buckled shoes, long flap waistcoat, and easy coat, all such as he would have worn, give the visitor an excellent idea of what John Hunter really was like in appearance, and this without the stiffness so characteristic of modern costume. The idea of placing the man "as he was"—the nucleus of his great and glorious collection—is nobly conceived and well carried out, and will, we are convinced, meet with the approbation of the medical profession and the public in general.

The Arundel Society we are glad to see in so flourishing a condition. The 13th annual report states that the gross receipts of 1860 were 2719*l.* 1*s.* 4*d.*, those of 1861 were 2913*l.* 6*s.* 10*d.*, and that a balance of 663*l.* 17*s.* 10*d.* meets the cost of works in progress and the ordinary charges of management. The number of its members has risen from 1200 at this time last year, to more than 1500 now. The "Occasional Publications" had a larger sale than in the previous year, and it may be expected that this will continue to improve, as four new subjects have been added to the list of this class during the past year, viz.: 1. A chromo-lithograph from a fresco by Francia, in the desecrated chapel of St. Cecilia at Bologna, representing the burial of St. Cecilia; 2. A chromo-lithograph from a fresco by Andrea del Sarto, "The Madonna del Sacco," in the cloister of the Annunziata at Florence. All of these have been executed by Messrs. Storch and Kramer, from coloured drawings by Signor Mariannecchi. A volume containing an alphabet of capital letters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, engraved from the Choral Books of St. Marco and the Duomo at Florence, and from the Piccolomini Library at Siena, with one letter (attributed to Fra Angelico) coloured in facsimile. "In compliance with a desire which has often been expressed by some of the original members of the society, that recourse should again be had to line engraving as a mode of representation, the council have engaged Herr Schäffer to engrave another of the series from the frescoes of Fra Angelico in the Vatican. 'The Distribution of Alms by St. Stephen' will therefore form part of the series for 1862, together with the following chromo-lithographs by Messrs. Storch and Kramer, in continuation of the series of frescoes in the Brancacci chapel, viz., 1. 'The Raising of Petronilla,' by Masolino; 2. A Head from this fresco, on the scale of the original; 3 and 4. 'St. Peter Delivered from Prison,' and 'St. Peter in Prison visited by St. Paul,' by Filippino Lippi; 5. A Head from the last subject, on the scale of the original. In order to keep up a supply of materials for future publications, other works have also been put in hand since the last report. Mr. Thomas Longman, one of the earliest members of the society, has kindly lent two careful drawings by Consoni of Rome, from the tapestries after Raffaelle in the Vatican, of which the original cartoons are wanting in the series at Hampton Court, and are believed to be lost. The subjects are: 1. 'The Conversion of Saul'; 2. 'The Stoning of St. Stephen.' These are placed in the hands of Mr. Gruner to engrave."

#### SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

##### MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

**ROYAL INSTITUTION.**—The short course of lectures by Dr. Lyon Playfair at the Royal Institution, "On the Progress of some of the Chemical Arts since the Great Exhibition of 1851," was brought to a close on Thursday, the 12th inst., on which occasion "The Chemical Arts in Relation to Public Health" were noticed and illustrated. The transformations which organic matter undergo during the processes of putrefaction and decay were explained to result in the production of carbonic acid, ammonia, and water. Putrefaction, it was stated, commences by the action of a ferment, which is a body undergoing change by entering into combination with the oxygen of the atmosphere. This combination is greatly influenced by the presence of ozone, and the state of decay is not completed until the animal matter has gone through the stage of slow combustion, the results of which are the production of carbonic acid, ammonia, and water. By an ingeniously arranged apparatus, Dr. Playfair exhibited the active effect of the combination of oxygen with ammonia and carbonic acid. Carbonic acid, produced by the process of fermentation, and the vapour of ammonia when passed through a glass tube into which a piece of spongy platinum had been introduced, combined together in the pores of the metal with the exhibition of heat and incandescence. To show that slow combustion

takes place when the oxygen of the air is exposed in contact with water and carbon at ordinary temperatures, a current of air was sent through a large tube filled with moistened sawdust, and the bubbles of air as they ascended through lime-water rendered the fluid turbid, thus proving that a portion of the sawdust had been converted into carbonic acid. The amount of animal matter in the air, in which its impurity consists, is now readily tested by the discolouration of a solution of permanganate of potass, and by this means the proportionate impurities of the air in various places has been ascertained. It has thus been determined that the impurities in the air of Mount St. Bernard amounts to 2*4*; in the air of the German Ocean to 2*5*; in the centre of Manchester to 50, and in the suburbs to 12; at Calton-hill, in Edinburgh, to 12, and the closes in that city to 40; while in the air at the top of a pig-sty the proportionate amount of impurity is 94. The object of the employment of disinfectants is to destroy the animal matter contained in the air by slow combustion, and this may be done by the fumes of sulphurous acid gas, of nitrous gas, or other acid fumes—by passing the air through charcoal, and by various other methods. The disinfecting property of charcoal is now applied advantageously by introducing it in openings in doors, through which the air enters apartments. The porous nature of earth acts nearly in the same manner as spongy platinum in assisting the combination of oxygen, and thus facilitating the combustion of animal matter buried in the ground. Deodorisers differ from disinfectants, inasmuch as they merely mask the smell of putrescence without destroying the animal matter, and thus air perfumed with the most fragrant scents may be charged with ingenious impurities. In the conclusion of his lecture, Dr. Playfair adverted to the analogy between the processes of nature and those of art in the economy of waste products, and he pointed out some of the changes which all bodies undergo, and the production of the most beautiful objects from the decay of animal and vegetable matter. In the succession of changes that are thus for ever going on, it is impossible, he observed, to say to what objects we may not be indebted for the constitution of our bodies. It was possible, for example, that a portion of the matter of his brain might have been derived from the liver of the King of Dahomey, and another portion from the tongue of a parrot. Dr. Playfair was loudly applauded at the end of his lecture.

**ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.**—A meeting was held on Monday evening, Sir Roderick I. Murchison, president, in the chair. The chairman announced that the council had unanimously elected his Highness Said Pasha, the Viceroy of Egypt, as an honorary member. Before proceeding to the papers of the evening, the chairman read extracts from a communication which he had received from Sir Henry Barkly, Governor of Victoria, relative to recent explorations in Australia. Dr. Shaw then read the first paper, "On the Surveys in the Pacific by her Majesty's ship *Herald*, under the Command of Captain H. Mangles Denham, R.N., F.R.G.S." This surveying voyage, undertaken in consequence of the representations made to Government of the benefits which would result to commerce, &c., from a thorough examination of the dangers of the Western Pacific, extended from the year 1852 to 1861. A slight conception of the results of the voyage may be realised when it is mentioned that no fewer than 163 determinations of latitude and longitude were obtained, besides 2601 magnetic results, 41 islands carefully mapped, with 42 reefs and shoals, and 450 miles of the Australian coast. One of the many practical results is that ships can now save one-fifth of the distance usually traversed in the voyage from India and China to Australia, owing to many supposed reefs having been expunged from our charts. In lat. 37° south and long. 37° west, between Tristan d'Acunha and Buenos Ayres, soundings were obtained in 7706 fathoms. Dr. Charles Beke next read a paper on an excursion to Harran, and thence over Mount Gil-e-lead into the land of Canaan. Dr. Beke, accompanied by his wife, performed this journey in the beginning of the year, and following the footsteps taken by the patriarch Jacob in his flight from Padan Aram, reached the Jordan near the "ford Jabok," where Jacob was met by his brother Esau. Here they were nearly drowned, and afterwards attacked by the Bedouins, but they ultimately arrived in safety at Nablous, on the tenth day after their departure from Harran. Mr. Rutherford Alcock, F.R.G.S., her Britannic Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary, &c., in Japan, then read a paper giving an account of an overland journey from Nagasaki to Jeddo, in Japan. He started from Nagasaki on the 1st of June, and, in consequence of the many obstructions on the part of the natives, owing to their hatred of foreigners, had great difficulty in bringing his tour to a successful termination. The paper gave an interesting description of the curious customs of the natives, character of the soil, and the state of our relations with the Japanese Government.

##### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

TUES.	Medical and Chirurgical.	8 <i>p.m.</i>
Zoological.	9. Mr. E. W. H. Holdsworth, "On some New Corals, and a British species of <i>Fabellina</i> ," and other papers.	
WED.	Society of Arts.	4 <i>p.m.</i> Annual General Meeting.
THURS.	Philological.	8 <i>p.m.</i>
	Royal Society Club.	6 <i>p.m.</i> Annual Meeting.
SAT.	Royal Botanic.	

#### MISCELLANEA.

**THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING** of the Ecclesiological Society will be held on Tuesday, the 1st of July, in the Lecture Theatre of the South Kensington Museum. The subject of discussion will be "The Ecclesiological Aspects of the International Exhibition, and of the Exhibition (on loan) of Fine Arts at the South Kensington Museum."

On Monday night Mr. George Augustus Sala gave the first of a series of readings from his own works, at the Whittington Club. There was an ample and appreciating audience, and the experiment was perfectly successful. Mr. Sala's manner of reading is dramatic, and of course he thoroughly understands his author. The pieces selected were, "The Story of the Journeyman Carpenter," "Poor Robin Redbreast," and "The Perfidy of Captain Slyboots." As many of Mr. Sala's best productions have appeared in the periodical press, where they are likely to be lost, and as many of them certainly deserve a more permanent existence, we

are glad that he has taken this means of popularising a knowledge of them.

At the Social Science *soirée*, held at the Fishmonger's Hall, the wires of the Submarine Telegraph Company were connected with the Hall, and messages were despatched from the President and Council, etc., to the Emperor and Empress of the French, to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and the Lords Provost of Edinburgh and Glasgow, to which replies were received, much to the astonishment of the guests. The following towns were also spoken with : Paris, Bale, Vienna, Warsaw, Cracow, Brussels, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, and Hanover.

The following letter, giving some interesting particulars respecting the late Mr. Buckle, has been published :

SIR.—It is my painful duty to announce, not only to his nearer friends and relatives, as I have already done, but also, through you, to the world interested in the author of the "History of Civilisation in England," the death of Mr. Buckle, on Thursday, the 29th of May, of typhus fever, at Damascus.

He had overworked himself, and suddenly felt the effects of it after the publication of his second volume last spring. In October he left England, accompanied by two boys, the sons of a friend, and spent the winter on the Nile. He was so much better that in the beginning of March we left Cairo together for Sinai and Petra. Greatly improved in health by the six weeks in the Desert, he undertook the more fatiguing travelling on horseback through Palestine. Again, his ardent temperament, or rather, as I now think, the restlessness of an over-excited nervous system, made him do too much, and, though on the 27th of April he expressed himself as feeling never to have been in better health in his life, he was that day seized with diarrhoea, and afterwards with an attack of sore throat, which detained us at Nazareth for more than a week.

He never recovered his Desert strength, and we had to stop a couple of days more than we had proposed at Sidon, and take the easiest, though least interesting, route to Damascus. At the sudden view of that famous plain on emerging from the rocky defile on the eastern ridge of Antilebanon, he exclaimed, "It is worth more than all the pain and fatigue it has cost me." Alas! how much more it was to cost him.

The fatigue again brought on diarrhoea. The quantity of opium prescribed, though small, yet, with his peculiar constitution, produced delirium for about a quarter of an hour, and it was touching to hear him exclaim in the midst of his incoherent utterances, "Oh, my book, my book, I shall never finish my book!" The French medical officer, however, whom he consulted, not only assured him, but myself privately, that there was nothing whatever to fear, only that it would be advisable he should give up the proposed excursion to Baalbeck and through the Lebanon, and return by the French carriage-road to Beyrouth. On these assurances, and finding him apparently much better on the 21st, I regret to say I was induced to leave him, and go the long route through the Lebanon alone, in the confident expectation, however, that I should find him awaiting me at Beyrouth, reinvigorated by the sea air, and ready to proceed on our journey to Greece and Turkey. I need not say how shocked I was to hear at the Consulate yesterday (31st of May), that on the evening of the day I left Damascus (the 21st), he was seized with typhus fever, sank into an unconscious stupor on the 26th, died, and was buried on the 29th. One thing, I confess, I fear, may have hastened the end; he was leeched. But the kindness and attention of our Acting Consul, Mr. Sandwith, the American Missionary, Mr. Robson, and the American physician, Dr. Barclay, who went up expressly from Beyrouth, must be warmly acknowledged. The stimulants applied by the latter had only the effect of producing the partial and very temporary return to consciousness which preceded his decease.

Thus, at the early age of 39, died one whose death, I think, more than the partiality of friend, makes me consider him a national loss. It is left for us but to hope that he is now enjoying that immortality without the hope of which, as he once said to me with tears in his eyes, "life would be insupportable," and in the more immediate presence and with deeper knowledge of that God in whom he firmly believed. And so, passing through the ruins of the Christian quarter, outside the walls, on the same day he died, as the sun set over that mountain ridge from which with such delight he had but ten days before—such is the irony of life—gazed on his deathbed, in the small Protestant cemetery, its trees torn up, and its eight or ten tombstones broken by fanatical Mahomedans, he was interred.

Mr. Buckle's delicate health as a boy caused him to be taken early from school, and prevented his being sent to college. On the death of his father he succeeded at 18 to a considerable fortune, but, despising its temptations, he devoted himself to study. His chief recreation was chess, and he could number Loewenthal among the vanquished. He early attracted the notice of such men as

Hallam and Bunsen, and gained their esteem as a young man of great promise. With all the comforts and advantages of book-collecting and of travelling afforded by fortune, he lived a happy student's life, and had in the course of it but one great grief.

As to Mr. Buckle's works, it would be impossible for me to say much without such obtrusion of my own opinions as would be here and now utterly out of place. But this I may say, that the three great theses of his book have never yet been sufficiently or at all considered. Hence, great part of what has been said in the reviews may be true, and yet the book in its pith and marrow stand. These three theses, chiefly to be drawn from the second and fourth chapters, are, —

1. Political Economy—the science of wealth—is the deductive science through which the investigation of natural is connected with that of social phenomena, and thus the way prepared for one universal science.

2. The laws of society are different from those of the individual; and the method of averages, with which has to be compared the mathematical theory of probabilities, is that by which the former are to be investigated.

3. In social phenomena the intellectual, in individual the moral, laws are chiefly or alone to be considered; all moral social changes are thus preceded by intellectual changes.

With these three theses might be very clearly shown to be connected all his scientific opinions; and might all his opinions on morals and politics be shown to group themselves about his conception of liberty as non-interference. Thus the moral law became merely negative: Do not hurt yourself or others. But, as I have said, how far these views are true, or how far original, cannot here be considered. It may, however, be observed, that, though he held firmly by the second of the above theses, he often said he should be glad, so far as his own feelings were concerned, to see the third disproved.

And as to that account of the history of civilisation in Scotland which, under the misrepresentation of reviews, has been so little welcomed by my own countrymen, I may add that he himself admitted that, for the great and complete historian, the profound moral and religious sympathy of the poet, in which he was wanting, is almost as necessary as the analytical power of the philosopher; and it was his enthusiasm for liberty that made him intolerant of intolerances.

Though Mr. Buckle's lamentable death leaves undone not only so much of what he intended, but of what he had prepared elaborate materials for, I am glad to say that his posthumous works may be no less valuable than those which have already appeared. I fear that the outlined essays, "On the Ultimate Causes of the Interest of Money," "On Bacon" (which would have been chiefly an essay on method), "On Shakespeare," and "On the Influence of Northern Palestine on the Origin of Christianity," may not be found in a sufficient state of forwardness to be published as he proposed, collectively with the papers he had contributed to *Fraser's Magazine*; but great parts of the special "History of Civilisation in England" exist ready for publication, and his common-place books, with their immensely varied yet methodically arranged extracts, will form the most curious, interesting, and valuable collection of materials that has, probably, ever yet been published as the work of a single English student, and their publication will be according to his own intention in case of the non-completion of his work.—I am, Sir, yours, &c. J. S. STUART GLENNIE.

Beyrouth, June 1.

The Lady Godiva Procession will be revived at Coventry on the 23rd inst. According to the *Birmingham Post*, the procession will be upwards of a mile in length, and comprise about 300 men, 70 children, and 150 horses. The chief character represented, "Lady Godiva," will be borne by a beautiful female, gracefully and becomingly attired, who will ride, as of yore, on a cream-coloured charger, and be surrounded by a bevy of little and prettily-dressed and mounted damsels. Among other attractive and interesting features of the pageant, there will be fourteen "city guards," clad in suits of old iron armour, being part of the antiquities in the possession of the corporation; a large gaily-decorated car, emblematic of the "Seasons;" "Leofric" (the husband of Godiva), "Edward the Black Prince," "Richard II," "Henry IV," "Henry VI. and his Queen," "Queen Elizabeth," "A Shepherd and Shepherdess in Bower," "William and Adam Bottmer" (former citizens of Coventry, and who built the tallest of the three tall spires), "Sir William Dugdale" (the famous antiquarian and author of the "History of Warwickshire"), &c. The procession will include ten brass bands, and there will be an almost infinite variety of flags, banners, and other decorative appointments. Several of the leading railway companies have arranged to run special excursion trains to Coventry on the occasion, and it is anticipated the influx of visitors will be large.

## BOOK NEWS:

A BOOKSELLER'S RECORD AND AUTHOR'S AND PUBLISHER'S REGISTER.

**T**HE MEMOIR OF THOMAS BEWICK, written by himself and illustrated with many of his woodcuts, is a volume which carries a very pleasant promise in its title, and which we have little doubt will be realised. Mr. Ruskin has reprinted from the *Cornhill Magazine* those curious essays on political economy with which he amazed its readers in 1860, under the strange title of "Unto this Last." The Duke of Wellington has published a ninth volume of his father's Despatches, Correspondence, and Memoranda from April 1814 to March 1815, dated from the South of France, the Embassy of Paris, and the Congress of Vienna. In fiction we have "A Loss Gained," by Mr. Philip Cresswell, in one, and "A Marriage at the Madeline" in two volumes. In poetry, Mr. Kingsley's "Andromeda and other Poems" has reached a third edition; "The Last Judgment," a poem, published a year or two ago, reappears as revised and amended, in two editions of different sizes and prices: and Mr. J. James edits a volume of "Lyrical and other Poems," by Mr. Robert Story, with a memoir of the author. A supplementary number to "Tracts for Priests and People" has been issued by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., entitled "Nonconformity in the Seventeenth and Nineteenth Centuries," comprising an article on English Voluntaryism, by Mr. J. N. Langley, and on the Voluntary

Principle in America, by an English Clergyman. Mr. Horace Welby has made a book of "Predictions Realised in Modern Times." A volume of considerable interest to Celtic scholars is published by Messrs. Williams and Norgate, "Three Irish Glossaries," consisting of Cormac's Glossary Codex A., O'Davoren's Glossary, and a Glossary to the Calendar of Oengus the Culdee. Mr. Adam Dryden has printed some "Hints to Anglers," illustrated with maps.

There is great and natural lamentation among the stationers who dwell around Lincoln's-inn-fields. The Lord Chancellor has put forth an order, which came into effect this week, that all affidavits and depositions in Chancery be printed instead of written, as heretofore. Now many law-stationers carried on a thriving trade in making manuscript copies of those documents, which this order completely destroys; and, they assert, throws 400 clerks out of employment. Their case is, indeed, a hard one, but no worse than many other trades have had to endure and get over as they best could. There is no question whatever, that printed papers are more legible than the best manuscripts, and the ease with which they can be multiplied with perfect accuracy and uniformity, are manifest advantages. It is quite useless, then, for the law stationers to set the interest of their craft

against public utility; they exist for the public service, and not the public for them; and if fewer clerks find work, more compositors, pressmen, and readers will.

No great work has lately appeared in France or Germany. Certainly there have been hosts of reprints, but no man or woman of mark has appeared to diversify the universal dullness. Yet among recent German volumes we must mention "Griechische und Römische Metrologie," by Fr. Hultsch. The work bears every trace of German patient inquiry and conscientiousness, and classical scholars will, we believe, find the work a useful one. "Der Trent-Fall" (The Trent Case) discusses very calmly a case of international law, and the leaning of the judgment is towards the English side. Perhaps a century hence our present policy *vis à vis* to the United States may be blamed or praised. We have to deal with the literature of the question, and it is upon the literature or written history of the question that the future historian must pronounce his verdict. The author of the work is Dr. Heinrich Marquardsen. Various attempts have been made by ingenious authors to realise Rome as it existed eighteen hundred years ago. It has been pourtrayed in its first aspect—cookery; in its second—religion. The Romans were great in gastronomy; they had their notions in theology, to be sure, but we rather think that they would have sacrificed any day a dogma to a *rayoût*. Rome is the country of a bleak old faith and of a warm new faith. There has always been within it a civilising element. This element, in its manifestations to the world, has not always been very gracious. One thinks of wheels and faggots, for example. But it really appears (notwithstanding the apotheosis of the Japanese martyrs) that, as far as Rome is concerned, there is faith on the earth. But now we go back to old Pagan Rome, just as one would like to go back to old Pagan London, or to London when it had a glimpse of Christianity, and could not repeat very glibly the ten Commandments. Rome, according to some writers, must have been very used-up, morally, in the second and third centuries of the Christian era. For all that there must have been powerful conservative morals directing and influencing a large body of Roman society. People don't get good all at once; nor does a people get bad all at once. Sin and righteousness have each their gradations. We have derived some comfort from the work, "Darstellungen aus der Sittengeschichte Roms von August bis zum Ausgang der Antonine," by Herr Ludwig Friedhaender. Rome in those days was not so bad as it has been painted. Society was not so very corrupt. Bankrupts were not so many. There was a decent class which resisted contamination; there was a burgher class which resented fraud in a small way, and which declared itself for the integrity of the Roman citizen. The work which we have quoted will recommend itself to thinking men. In theology the Germans have always been great—or small. We notice among recent publications, not venturing upon an opinion: "Novum Testamentum Graece ad fid. cod. Vatic. rec. Phil. Buttmann." This, according to the critics, is a precious work. In philosophy we have "Schleiermacher's handschriftlichem Nachlasse," treating on psychological subjects. In general literature we have "Gedichte Walther's von der Vogelweide," translated into modern German by a well-known hand—Karl Simrock.

In French literature there is no novelty to specify. There appears to be an improvement in the export trade; but the civil warfare in America appears to weigh more heavily upon Paris than on London booksellers.

MESSES. PUTTICK AND SIMPSON will offer for sale, on Saturday, 5th July, a replete unique volume, containing some offices of the Church, printed by Caxton, with a continuation by Pinson.

THE NUMBER OF LETTERS between England and France is fast increasing. The augmentation is usually about four per cent. per annum, but last year it was twenty-three per cent.

THE RAG COLLECTING BRIGADE has now been at work for nearly three months, and has met with fair success. With only three trucks upwards of ten tons of rags have been collected, and it is intended to enlarge the plan of operation as quickly as funds and storage can be provided.

THE SCENE of the new tale, which Miss Evans is about to commence in the *Cornhill Magazine*, is said to be laid in Italy. We hope better fortune may attend her on Italian soil than fell to the lot of Mrs. Stowe in her *Cornhill* tale of "Agnes of Sorrento."

ESSAYS AND REVIEWS.—Judgment will be given in the cases of *The Bishop of Salisbury v. Williams* and *Fendall v. Wilson*, on Wednesday, the 25th of June, at 10.30, in the Arches Court, sitting in the Rolls Court, Westminster.

MESSES. JAMES HOGG AND SONS have in preparation, edited by Mr. Robert Kempt, a shilling volume, entitled, "What Do You Think of the Exhibition?" being a collection of the best descriptions and criticisms from the leading journals of the building and contents of the International Exhibition. Foreigners' estimates of the English people and English industry will be placed in an appendix, and the book will be illustrated with portraits of the late Prince Consort, the Royal Commissioners, Captain Fowke, Kelk and Lucas, and others.

THE LAW-STATIONERS sent their memorial to the Lord Chancellor, praying him to rescind his order requiring affidavits and depositions to be printed instead of written, as heretofore; but as no answer was received, a deputation waited upon him on Friday last week, to whom he announced his intention of persisting in his resolution. The law-stationers, law-writers, and copying clerks have, therefore, drawn up a petition to both Houses of Parliament, showing the great injury about to be inflicted on them, and the great monopoly in printing which the order will create, and praying a resolution to be passed, under the Chancery Amendment Act, to prevent the order taking effect. It is stated that the order, if enforced, will throw about 400 persons out of employ as law-writers, and ruin the trade of the law-stationers, whilst it will give to one establishment the monopoly of printing. The subject will be forthwith brought before Parliament.

THE DEAN AND CHAPTER of the Cathedral of St. Peter's, Exeter, have adopted for constant use "Hymns, Ancient and Modern."

FRENCH RAGS.—In the first four months of the present year our paper-makers have imported 9541 quintals of rags from France. In the same period of 1860 and 1861 none were imported.

THE SECRETARY OF THE ROYAL LITERARY FUND has issued invitations for the anniversary dinner at the Freemasons' Tavern on Wednesday next. Lord Granville will be the chairman.

A SOCIAL SCIENCE REVIEW, at 3d. weekly, was started last Saturday.

LOD PALMERSTON has conferred a pension of 75*l.* a year, on the literary civil list, on Miss Emma Robinson.

MR. LAING proposes to repeal the import duty on paper in India, on the ground that paper is a raw material, and that books, the manufactured article, are free.

MESSES. NISBET AND CO. will publish shortly "Freedom and Happiness in the Truth and Ways of Christ," being a volume of sermons preached on various occasions by the Rev. James Stratton.

"THE UNION," says the London correspondent of the *Birmingham Gazette*, "is likely to be amalgamated with the *Church Review* or the *John Bull*; but I have also heard that it is to be carried on with new life and new features, perhaps in a novel form."

"THE BRITISH STAR," an illustrated paper, printed in London in modern Greek, for circulation in the East, has been stopped at the post-office in Constantinople. "One of the Staff" writes as follows to the *Morning Star* of Thursday: "A Greek gentleman, but a naturalised British subject, impressed, during a long residence in this country, by the high civilisation of the English people, conceived the patriotic idea of making his own countrymen participants in what he so much admired. As he perceived that the periodical press was the great means of disseminating knowledge in this country, as it is the representative of the highest political philosophy, he resolved to establish a newspaper in London, which, printed in the Greek language, might serve to familiarise his compatriots with the progress that science and, above all, opinion have made in England. Two years since this project was put into execution. What success attended the undertaking the large number of subscribers will attest. Not that the proprietor of the *British Star* sought pecuniary profit from his journal; his object being solely to raise the political tone of his compatriots to the English standard, at the same time that he made them acquainted with the progress of science and literature throughout the world. Two years had elapsed, and the patriotic proprietor of the *British Star* had no reason to regret what he had done for the instruction of his countrymen, when he suddenly received notice from the Post-office that, at the request of the Ottoman Government, the Minister of Foreign Affairs had given directions to the Postmaster at Constantinople not to distribute, but to return to this country, any copies of the *British Star* received at his office. When the proprietor of the *British Star* demanded the reason of such a proceeding, he was informed that his journal was calculated to excite political disturbances in the Ottoman Empire; but no article or passages were quoted in proof of this assertion. A request was then made to the Foreign Office, praying that as the political portion of the *British Star* was quite distinct from the literary and scientific, the latter might be allowed to pass through the British Post-office to Constantinople. This request was refused, and the very logical reason assigned for the refusal was the dangerous political character of the journal. Now, Sir, when we consider the freedom with which the English press discusses the political proceedings of other countries, a freedom which is not clapped when speaking of the home Government, the course adopted towards the *British Star* cannot fail to excite astonishment. And this astonishment will increase when it will be found that the leading articles of the *British Star* have been for the most part translations of English articles, and that the original Greek "leaders" never spoke in so condemnatory a tone of the Ottoman Government as did some of the principal English journals."

BIBLES IN THE EXHIBITION.—By some strange perversity the Bible Society, instead of taking their place among booksellers and publishers, entered their collection under Class XXIX., among Educational Works and Appliances. At a high elevation in the Central Tower, in a place out of the thoroughfare, difficult to find, and seldom visited by any except inquisitive and long-winded climbers, their case, containing copies of the Scriptures in 191 languages, is set in the corner of a gallery filled with photographs, school-books, maps, globes, organs, desks, dolls, and a variety of educational quackeries. An influential petition was made to the Commissioners to have the case removed to a more conspicuous position, but, on second thoughts, the Society took the matter into their own hands, and opened a handsome booth in the Cromwell-road, which the eye of no visitor can miss. Under Class XXVIII., in the gallery, North Court, Messrs. S. Bagster and Sons display a tasteful selection of their exquisitely-printed editions of the Scriptures, bound in morocco, vellum, ivory, and oak. Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode make a grand show of Bibles and Prayer-Books, in all sizes, in gaudier bindings than Messrs. Bagsters. Some large Family Bibles, with heavy gilt brass clasps and rims, find many admirers. The whole stock in this case has been bought by Mr. Field, of Regent-street, who will likely have orders for them all before the day of removal arrives. On the bindings of Bibles money is spent very freely, and whilst we notice much neatness and solidity of work, we observe no freshness in design, but a perpetual repetition of conventional patterns in calf and morocco. The coat of a Bible is as well known as the coat of a clergyman, and everybody knows a Bible by sight without looking at its title. Mr. William Collins, of Glasgow, exhibits a copy of the New Testament, printed on a single outspread sheet of paper; and two or three Bibles bound in morocco, which call for no remark. Mr. Mackenzie, also of Glasgow, shows a large Bible in morocco, which he calls "The Queen's Bible," of which only 170 copies were printed, at the price to subscribers of fifty guineas each. It is illustrated with photographs from the Holy Land, by Frith, and attracts much notice. The type from which it was printed was set up by Young's type composing and distributing machine, to be seen at work in the Western Annex, Class VII., No. 1750. At first sight it looks like the skeleton of a piano. The compositor sits before it, and touches its keys, which are lettered with the alphabet, commas, semi-colons, colons, and periods. Each touch of his finger liberates a type, which glides down a tube and takes its place in the line. The player, it is said, can thus set up from 12,000 to 15,000 types an hour, and the fount flows on with as much facility as though it were really fluid. It is estimated, that with the aid of this machine, three men may do the work of five; but the cost and care of the complicated apparatus has to be deducted from this saving. We have seen many wonders effected by machinery, but we have little hope that the compositor will ever be superseded by any mechanical device.

FRENCH PAPER.—The French paper-makers have made a far more satisfactory appearance than the British, and any one, after a stroll through their court, will be able to come to a very fair judgment concerning the peculiarities and excellencies of French paper. In France linen rags appear to take the place of cotton in England, and the average quality of the papers is therefore higher. In the commoner kinds of printing papers, such as are used for our newspapers, France cannot compete with England. Very cheap French papers seem to be produced by a free admixture of clay, and they drop apart under tension like

tinder. Their printing papers are generally unsized, and for this reason when we attempt to write on the margin of a French or American book, the ink runs as if on blotting paper. One advantage of this unsized paper is, that the paper takes the impress of the type with greater perfection, and though the texture of the sheet looks rough, a superior effect is attained. In their writing papers they mix their size with the pulp, whilst we commonly spread it on the surface, and often by this skilful glaze a poor paper is passed off for a good. On papers glazed in this way the ink only rests on the surface, and with a knife may be scratched off, whilst it penetrates into the French, in which the size is incorporated. In fancy writing papers we know nothing in England to compare with their delicacy of tint and finish. There are some coloured note papers with a variety of ornamental water-marks, out of which any ladies' stationer in London might make his fortune if he could only secure an abundant supply and a monopoly. Many English residents in France acquire a preference for French writing paper, and on their return to England find much difficulty in procuring it. The French makers complain with fair cause of the difficulty they experience in getting their papers into the hands of the English retail stationers. Their agents are usually, of necessity, wholesale stationers, who are often paper-makers themselves, or subject to paper-makers, and they have no interest, but rather the reverse, in pushing French goods into the market. The only deliverance we see is, for a wholesale stationer to establish himself in the interest of the French makers in London, and send out travellers among the town and country retail stationers for orders. French writing paper if it were sufficiently known would, like French gloves and shoes, have many purchasers. It is easily written on, is light, and finely finished. For foreign letters there is nothing to compare with thin French paper. We noticed some foolscap, light as tissue paper, weighing only 6 lbs. to the ream, and which can be written on both sides.

UNITED STATES.—A lawyer in the Ohio legislature introduced a Bill in favour of instructing convicts in the State prison in the art of printing; whereupon the printers of Columbus have presented a petition that the said convicts be instructed in law.

THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY have distributed in the army and navy 650,000 Bibles and Testaments since the war broke out.

A. DE TOCQUEVILLE'S "Democracy in America" is announced as in preparation by Mr. Bartlett, of Cambridge, Mass., "translated by Mr. Henry Reeve, and revised and re-translated by Mr. Francis Bowen, Alford Professor in Harvard University."

TAUCHNITZ'S LEIPSIC EDITIONS OF BRITISH AUTHORS are being freely introduced to the United States. A complete set of 500 volumes are now sold in New York and Philadelphia for 25<sup>l</sup>. For this sum a library may be formed of nearly all that is best in English literature.

FRANCE.—The Paris journals state that M. Dentu, the publisher, is about to marry Mlle. Decamps, daughter of the celebrated painter, who lost his life by the accident last year at Fontainebleau.

THE COURRIER DE DINANACHE has suspended publication for the last fortnight, as its new proprietor, M. Feuillade de Chauvin, is unable to obtain from the Minister of the Interior authority to go on. It happens that M. Feuillade de Chauvin's uncle is deputy to the Legislative Corps for Bordeaux; highly respectable, and highly Ministerial. One of the first duties of a right thinking and docile legislator is regular attendance at the Minister's receptions. The half-ruined proprietor of the *Courrier* mustered courage enough to accompany his relative to the evening reception of the Minister. It was a bold act, but M. Chauvin thought that, being under his relative's wing, he had a chance of at least a civil reception, if not of his prayer being granted. He was grievously disappointed. The Minister, on seeing him, opened the conversation, and then proceeded to attack him and his paper in outrageous language, and in the presence of many deputies. The scene, with many exaggerations, is the common gossip of Paris.

MR. J. NURSE CHADWICK has employed the leisure hours of six years in drawing up an Index to the Christian and Surnames mentioned in Blomefield's History of Norfolk. It will be published by Mr. J. Russell Smith, of Soho-square, and is likely to find a good many purchasers among the nobility and gentry of the eastern counties.

#### TRADE NEWS.

BANKRUPTS.—Robert Spencer and Robert Spencer, the younger, Bridge-water-gardens, Barbican, bookbinders, June 24, at 1.

John Siddall, Birstal, Yorkshire, printer, June 23, at 11, Bankrupts' Court, Leeds.

Caroline Reed, spinster, Euston-road, late news-vendor, June 30, at 1.

George Gidley Palmer, Exeter, printer, June 30, at 11.

DIVIDENDS.—July 4, T. Hodgson, Aldine-chambers, Paternoster-row, book-seller.

July 17, H. C. Heard, Bridgewater, newspaper proprietor.

MR. AYLING, of New Oxford-street, has disposed of his business in photographic re-productions of the best masters, to Mr. S. B. Beal of 11, Paternoster-row.

MESSRS. SHACKELL AND EDWARDS, printing-ink manufacturers, have removed from Coppice-row to the premises in Red Lion-passage, Fleet-street, recently occupied by Messrs. Hughes and Kimber.

MESSRS. STRAHAN AND CO., the publishers of *Good Words*, have removed to London, and have taken the premises which were formerly those of Messrs. Rundell and Bridges, Ludgate-hill.

BASTED MILL, KENT.—The rebuilding of this mill (320), which was destroyed by fire last autumn, is in so advanced a state, that it is expected to be ready for work early in July. Messrs. Weeks, of Maidstone, and Tidecomb and Son, of Watford, have supplied the new machinery.

COURT OF BANKRUPTCY.—June 17. (Before Mr. Registrar MILLER).—*In re Kerr.*—This was the first sitting under the bankruptcy of Lewis Glenton Kerr, described as a newspaper proprietor, of King's-road, Chelsea. It appeared that the bankrupt had been connected with the publication of a concern called the *Independent*. To this he attributes his failure, and to insufficiency of income to meet expenses. His debts are £242, of which £50*l*. is due to one creditor, apparently, from the name, a relative. Assignees were now chosen.

LORD MAYER'S COURT.—(Before the RECORDER and a JURY).—*WILSON v. BELDING.*—IMPORTANT TO THE PRINTING TRADE.—This was an action to recover the balance of an account for printing, publishing, and advertising a certain pamphlet entitled, "Do We Want a Record of the Exhibition?" Mr. Wills was counsel for the plaintiff, and Mr. Howard for defendant.

Mr. WILLS, in opening the case, said that his client was the well-known publisher, Mr. Ellingham Wilson, of the Royal Exchange, and Mr. Belding, a clerk in an American commercial house in this country. The present claim was for work done, the terms having been agreed to, and the estimate given and accepted, and that he was at a loss to know what the defence could be.

MR. HARMAN said that he told Mr. Belding the cost for the 500 copies would be 5*l*. 5*s*. per sheet, with a reduction for a second edition.

MR. WILSON deposed that he had *carte blanche* from Mr. Belding in reference to the advertisements, and the prices charged were fair and reasonable. He said that he had done his very best for Mr. Belding, having selected carefully only the leading journals in the principal towns.

MR. HOWARD called for the papers in which the advertisements had been inserted, but Mr. Wilson said he had been unable to procure them all, although many files were then in court. He had never been asked on any previous occasion for newspapers.

HIS LORDSHIP pointed out that while he had no moral doubt that the advertisements were inserted, yet the jury must be satisfied.

MR. WILSON: My lord, I can swear that I inserted them all. MR. Wilson urged earnestly that if, from the exceptional circumstances of the case, he was unable to produce all the legal proof required, he felt convinced that he was morally and in equity fully entitled to every farthing that he sought to recover.

HIS LORDSHIP: No doubt; but the papers must be produced.

MR. BAILY, the advertising agent, proved that Mr. Wilson's charges were fair and reasonable.

MR. BELDING then said that he had been charged too much.

CROSS-EXAMINED: I will not swear that Mr. Harman did not say the charge would be 5*l*. 5*s*. per sheet.

HIS LORDSHIP: That ends the case so far as the printing is concerned.

A printer said the charge was excessive; but his lordship in summing up said this was not a case in which what was a fair charge was the question. If the jury found that there was a specific agreement, Mr. Wilson was entitled to a verdict for the printing.

The jury immediately found for Mr. Wilson for the printing account, observing that they were sorry they could not give him more, and that the case ought never to have been allowed to come into court.

#### SALES BY AUCTION.

##### COMING SALES.

By MESSRS. PUTTICK and SIMPSON, at 47, Leicester-square, on Tuesday, 24th June, the stock of music-plates, with copyrights of Mr. John Campbell, of New Bond-street.

By the same, on Tuesday, 1st July, and four following days, a miscellaneous collection of books.

By the same, on Monday, 7th July, and following days, the fourth and last portion of the stock of books of the late Mr. Robert Baldock, of High Holborn.

By MR. HODGSON, Chancery-lane, on Wednesday, 25th June, and following days, a quantity of modern books, bound and in quires, comprising 2000 Dr. Cumming's Sabbath Morning Readings in the Old Testament, 500 Croker's Walk from London to Fulham, 1500 Celebrated Criminal Trials, 1000 Farrington's Sermons, 700 Kern's Moral Government of God, &c.

#### BOOKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

##### ENGLISH.

AINSWORTH—Windsor Castle: an Historical Romance. By W. H. Ainsworth, Esq. Cheap Illustrated Edition, 8vo bds 2*s*. 6*d*. Routledge and Co.

BAKER-DOWLING—Formula, Rules, and Examples for Candidates for the Military, Naval, and Civil Service Examinations. By T. Baker, C.E. Iron Work, Practical Formulae and General Rules for Finding the Strain and Breaking Weight of Wrought Iron Bridges, with useful Tables. By Charles Hutton Dowling, C.E. Complete in 1 vol 12mo cl 6*s*. J. Weale.

BERNAYS—The Science of Home Life. Based on the 3rd edit of "Household Chemistry."

BY ALICE BEVELYS. Illust fcp 5vo cl 6*s*. W. H. Allen and Co.

BEVENS—Memory of Mrs. Bewick, Written by Himself. With numerous Woodcuts. 8vo cl 18*s*. Longman and Co.

BROWN—Catalogue of British, Colonial, and Foreign Postage Stamps. By Mount Brown. 2nd edit 16mo swd 1*s*. Limp roan ls. 6*d*. Interleaved limp roan 2*s*. F. Passmore.

BRUNEL—Memoir of the Life of Sir M. I. Brunel, C.E. By Richard Beamish. 2nd edit. 8vo cl 14*s*. Longman and Co.

CLERK'S (The) Instructor and Manual (Useful Library). Fcp 8vo swd 1*s*. Ward and Lock.

CLEVER Girls of Our Time, and How They became Famous Women. By the Author of "Heroines of Our Time." 2nd edit. 12mo cl 3*s*. Darton and Co.

CRESSWELL—A Loss Gained. By Philip Cresswell. Post 8vo cl 10*s*. 6*d*. Smith, Elder, and Co.

CRICKET TUTOR (The). By the Author of "The Cricket-Field." 18mo cl swd 1*s*. Longman and Co.

DYDRON—Hints to Anglers. By Adam Dryden. Illustrated with Maps. 18mo cl 1*s*. 6*d*.

EARLE—The Manmary Signs of Pregnancy and of Recent Delivery. By J. Lumley Earle. M.D. 8vo cl limp 2*s*. 6*d*. J. W. Davies.

FLEMING—Medical Statistics of Life Assurance. By J. G. Fleming, M.D. 8vo cl limp 2*s*. 6*d*. Longman and Co.

FORRES—The Bengal Reader. By Duncan Forbes, LL.D. New edit royal 8vo cl 12*s*. 6*d*. H. K. Lewis and Co.

GADWELL—Sermons. By the late Rev. Adolphus Gladwell, A.B., Curate of Tydavnet.

FEARNO—Coningsby; or, the New Generation. By B. Disraeli. New edit. Fcp 8vo swd 1*s*. Routledge and Co.

DYDRON—Hints to Anglers. By Adam Dryden. Illustrated with Maps. 18mo cl 1*s*. 6*d*.

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GRANTHAM—On Iron Ship-Building: with Practical Illustrations. By John Grantham. 3rd edit. An Atlas of 24 Plates folio swd with the Text. 12mo cl limp 2*s*. Lockwood and Co.

HALE—Handbook of Elementary Drawing: with Practical Suggestions on the Formation and Conducting of Drawing Classes in Public Schools. Designed chiefly for the Use of Teachers. By Robert Hale. 4to cl 5*s*. Longman and Co.

HALFPENNY JOURNAL (The). Vol. I. 4to swd 3*s*. 6*d*. cl 4*s*. 6*d*. Ward and Lock.

HOGG—The Fruit Manual: containing Descriptions and Synonyms of Fruits and Fruit Trees, with selected Lists of those most worthy of Cultivation. By Robert Hogg. 2nd edit fcp 2*s* cl 6*s*. *Journal of Horticulture* office.

HUNTING Bits. By Phiz. Imp oblong to half size, 4 proofs 3*s*. 6*d*. Chapman and Hall.

KINGSLEY—Kingsley and other Poems. By Charles Kingsley. 3rd edit. Fcp 8vo cl 3*s*. Parker, Son, and Bourn.

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MILTON—On the Treatment of Gonorrhœa without Specifics. By J. L. Milton. 2nd edit 8vo cl 5*s*. J. W. Davies.

MONTHLY PACKET (The). Vol. XXIII. January to June 1862. Fcp 8vo cl 5*s*. Mozley.

ONCE A WEEK: an Illustrated Miscellany of Literature. Vol. VI. December 1*s*. 1 to June 1862. Imp 8vo cl 7*s*. 6*d*. Bradbury and Evans.

PRACTICAL (The) Letter Writer. (Useful Library). Fcp 8vo swd 1*s*. Ward and Lock.

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